Birmingham *Rowland Evans, Robert Novak*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Goldwater's Ghost

Murray Kempton

NATO Crisis — *Alastair Buchan*
Who's Bill Miller? — *Milton Viorst*
All About Oysters — *John Wain*
Johnson-Humphrey — *The Editors*
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T.R.B. *from the USA*

★ This reporter has been zigzagging across the US asking people how they like Barry. Simultaneously he has traveled backward in time by reading John D. Hicks' *Republican Ascendancy: 1921-1933* (Harper & Row; $2.25). Is the country ready to plunge into another conservative orgy, dedicated to giving the virtuous masses the privilege of being exploited by unfettered free enterprise, and ending in the inevitable crash? Maybe it would be nuclear war this time.

What a long way we have come, to be sure! Driving across this glorious nation on the new interstate highway system (that will cost $41 billion and add 41,000 superb miles of highway, the greatest engineering feat of man) one is struck – stunned almost – by the sheer majesty of America. In another seven years you will be able to drive from NY to LA without a stoplight. And anytime you come off the noble highway you will find the same chain stores, box houses, Coney Island Main Street of congestion and neon lights, the same affluence and insecurity.

Relics of the past are everywhere. The toll on the Mackinac bridge in Michigan is a prohibitive $3.75 that acts as a bottleneck between teeming Detroit and the deer-inhabited northern wilderness. How in the world can America permit such anachronisms?

We stayed overnight in a Cleveland Negro slum with a dedicated band from the American Friends Service Committee. It is a drop of yeast in an ocean of apathy. Idealistic, but discouraging. In the colored ghetto only about 15 percent bother to vote.

Way up in Northern Minnesota, a moose-track away from Canada, we inspected an enormous industrial complex refining taconite or iron ore. It is so automated that a third of a billion dollar investment gives only 3,000 jobs – half of them repairing automatic machinery as it wears out. It is push-button operated to a point where a man among the vast machinery seems as unusual as a bear in the wilderness outside. The capable head of the plant thinks Goldwater would be a good man to restore discipline to the country.

I found another Goldwater fan on the top of a mountain in Yellowstone, a young fire warden, in a wind-torn metal cabin where the electricity jumps the room in thunderstorms and the management has provided a non-conductive chair on glass casters. He saw Barry at college in Montana two years back and liked his dashing, untrammelled candor. Often I heard this: "He's honest, isn't he? And he'd get us respected in foreign affairs!"

It has nothing to do with my story, but at Reno we stopped overnight. Across the weary desert we had been enticed by advertisements of Harold's, the great gambling casino. It was an eye-opener to a naive correspondent. A 3-story emporium chock-a-block with whirring slot-machines, and escalators leading up to more sophisticated games of chance, and the place tingling with gambling excitement and lip-licking customers. Here is the citadel against the Puritan Ethic, a privileged sanctuary founded in vast, underpopulated Nevada which has as many Senators as California or New York. It derives gambling and divorce revenue only because adjacent states disdain it. The Puritan Ethic is breaking down in New Hampshire, the archetype of The Old Homestead. Back in the East bingo is for the churches; in Nevada it supports the state. How long will outside politicians let this heady and demoralizing source of revenue go untapped?

"Jackpot!"

★ I purchased a "short wad" of nickels (a dollar's worth) for my companion and she went to work on a machine that showed acorns, apples, plums and a bell on its mobile face until – wham! – a bell rang, a nice old lady gambler beside me exclaimed, "Jackpot!" and, with an air of drama impossible to describe, the machine simply gushed nickels. They rattled out like pebbles down a drain, into the cup, on to the floor. A woman in black jeans helped recover them and hustled us out because Mary was 19, and the moral laws of Nevada put the legal age at 21.

We got a gift for a five-year-old in the arsenal department of a modern toy store which duplicated for babes every bloodthirsty device of modern war, a charming kindergarten for murder. (Every toy store may ultimately have a recruiting office beside it.) The woman's tone was significant. Yes, she was for Goldwater. Boys should learn to handle weapons early, she observed with a meaning look, "especially these days."

Well, Goldwater is going to be defeated, I guess. Every sign and portent, every state and national election and every poll would seem to indicate that we are in a liberal cycle, not a conservative one. Yet the thing that will chiefly save us, I suspect, is not ideology or even common sense, but the wholly irrelevant fact of prosperity. Unemployment may promote racial looting in Harlem. But the great bulk of America is prosperous and thanks Johnson for it.

One can't study that wild post-Wilson surge into conservatism of the 20's however without a feeling that it can be repeated, as easy as not. Primitivism is just under the surface; under the very roadbed of the new dream highways. The archaic party convention system is the best possible vehicle to bring it out.

Selling Muscle Shoals to Henry Ford in the 20's, or Goldwater's yen to end graduated income taxes in the 60's: they stem from the same root. In 1923 a Massachusetts study branded old age pensions "a counsel of despair; if such a scheme be defensible or excusable in this country, then the whole economic and social system is a failure." Sounds pretty silly today, doesn't it?

But the reaction is still there – waiting. Goldwater today; someone else tomorrow. Here is Harding's promise to a Boston audience in 1920: "Not nostrums but normalcy . . . not submergence in internationality but sustainment in triumphant nationality." Barry might use it.

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Johnson-Humphrey

There is one person – Lyndon B. Johnson – whose vote in Atlantic City on the Democratic Vice Presidential nomination counts. Before casting that vote, what calculations might enter the President's mind? Richard Nixon has offered him and us a standard of measurement: Any candidate for the second spot should, Mr. Nixon believes, be judged by whether he is qualified for the Presidency, whether he is compatible with the head of the ticket, and whether he is a good campaigner. The Republican choice, Congressman William Miller, might scrape through on the second and third test; on all three, Senator Hubert Humphrey has earned a *magna cum laude*.

For Lyndon Johnson, the joys of Presidential leadership seem to be as therapeutic as golf and naps for other recovered victims of heart attacks. Nevertheless, four Presidents in this century have not survived their term of office – McKinley, Harding, Roosevelt and Kennedy. Woodrow Wilson was physically incapacitated during his last months in the White House. Mr. Nixon's first qualification – is the second man Presidential timber? – is therefore of first importance. By itself, Hubert Humphrey's Senate performance these past three-and-one-half years indicate the competence we could expect were he required to take over Presidential duties. This ex-druggist, ex-professor, ex-mayor and long-time legislator has not only mastered the details of most of America's major public problems, he has displayed unusual talent for Congressional maneuver. His personal relations with Lyndon Johnson are and have for many years been constructive, warm, frank.

It would be in character for the President, between now and November, to appear somewhat Olympian—the healer, reluctant to deal in personalities, unwilling to engage in an unseemly excess of partisanship. It will then fall to his running mate to peel the skin off this misnamed "conservatism," getting to the core of what it is and why it is poisonous to our national health and our relations to others in the world. If Hubert Humphrey is anything, he is a man of the hustings – good-humored, even witty, but tough and untiring and articulate. The Democratic and independent vote will need to be fired by a passion comparable to that which Barry Goldwater inspires in his followers. That is a task for which Hubert Humphrey was made.

A fourth test has not been mentioned. Mr. Johnson would not be human if he did not ask himself which Vice Presidential nominee might help him the most where he thinks he most needs help, or hurt

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him least. In this connection, there is talk among Democrats of placing a Catholic on the ticket. The Jesuit magazine *America* has expressed our view perfectly: "If the old 'religious issue' [you *can't* pick a Catholic] was shameful, its new version [you *must* have a Catholic] is ridiculous."

What may be less ridiculous is a growing worry among Democrats that their opponents may profit from, indeed may exploit, racial tension and prevalent fears of Negro encroachments on property values or white social status. If that is the gambit of the Republican Party this year, it will pay off or not irrespective of whom President Johnson picks. No Democratic Vice Presidential candidate can work that gutter. Bigotry cannot be approved, only exposed. It is worth asking, moreover, whether even voters who feel that "the Negro has gone too far, too fast" will find more reassurance in Republican evangelists for intransigence and "extremism" than in spokesmen for moderation and orderly progress toward equal opportunity for every citizen. The Democratic Party has no choice but to champion full enforcement of the Civil Rights Act of 1964; it has no choice but to explain, week in and week out, that the only way to overcome racial bitterness and violence is through more, not less, federal attentiveness to the social discriminations, the political disenfranchisements, the economic deprivations on which meanness and despair feed.

Barry Goldwater's strategists have their eye on the South and the Midwest. As to the former, the burden is on the shoulders of our first more-or-less Southern President since the Civil War. We are confident Mr. Johnson will carry it well. Two additional points may be noted here. Hubert Humphrey is not a petty, not a divisive man, as his Southern colleagues in the Senate can and will testify. Second, any massive Southern defection to the Republicans in 1964 would have its own "backlash." For if the "Solid South" goes Republican, Barry Goldwater long before will have been marked as the candidate of white supremacy. That mark will cost him heavily.

In the Midwest, Hubert Humphrey is at home. Apart from foreign affairs, he has given more thought and legislative leadership to agriculture and conservation than to any other subject. In its survey this June of Democratic members of Congress and of 610 newspaper, radio and TV editors, *Congressional Quarterly* found that Mr. Humphrey was far and away the preferred choice of Midwesterners. The Gallup Poll in mid-June of 3,000 Democratic county chairmen disclosed roughly the same sentiment. The *Wall Street Journal*, reporting on a conference of Democratic Party leaders from 14 Western states last May, found that Humphrey "was the overwhelming Vice Presidential favorite of the gathering in the capital city of Iowa."

With Humphrey as Vice President, the Senate will have a presiding officer who knows every nerve and muscle of that body; the President will have a traveling emissary welcome abroad because he is interested in the problems of others and unafraid of change; and the President will have too a collaborator who shares his hope that this good society can become "a great society."

Blackmail In Vietnam

There were 12,000 American military in South Vietnam 18 months ago. Now there are 16,000. Soon there will be 21,000. The additional 5,000 men who will be going there are not being sent to help mount an attack – or counterattack – on North Vietnam. Their job may very well be to prevent one. For although there recently were broad, strong hints in Washington about possible assaults on North Vietnam, US policy was, last week, to emphasize that the civil war must be won in South Vietnam, not by striking across the border. The additional Americans constitute the South Vietnamese government's first drawing on a blank check Mr. McNamara gave this May, when in effect he promised South Vietnam virtually unlimited US backing. This was an apparent reversal of policy, since it was stated last October that the American military force would be withdrawn, not increased. But shifts of US policy in regard to South Vietnam have become commonplace. What is constant is the confusion.

General Khanh got his blank check in May because this gesture was deemed necessary to keep him in power in the face of intrigues of his South Vietnamese rivals, who were and still are threatening to overthrow him, as in January he toppled the junta that overthrew Ngo Dinh Diem last November. But it now appears that the South Vietnamese military will continue to follow the man who gets American military aid only if that aid is used to win the war, and the South Vietnamese generals seem to have decided that the way to win the civil war is not to push on with the distasteful task of gaining genuine support among the masses of the people, but instead to use American power to strike at their enemies in North Vietnam. The latter however was the way American policy seemed pointed *last* month, not this, and even then it was mainly bluff. The other generals therefore have accused Khanh of being an American puppet, and he has had to reiterate that the American military are in South Vietnam merely as "advisers" and that it is he who will decide whether to "go North" or not.

It is an idiotic and a dangerous situation and practically a repetition of a dangerous idiocy already per-

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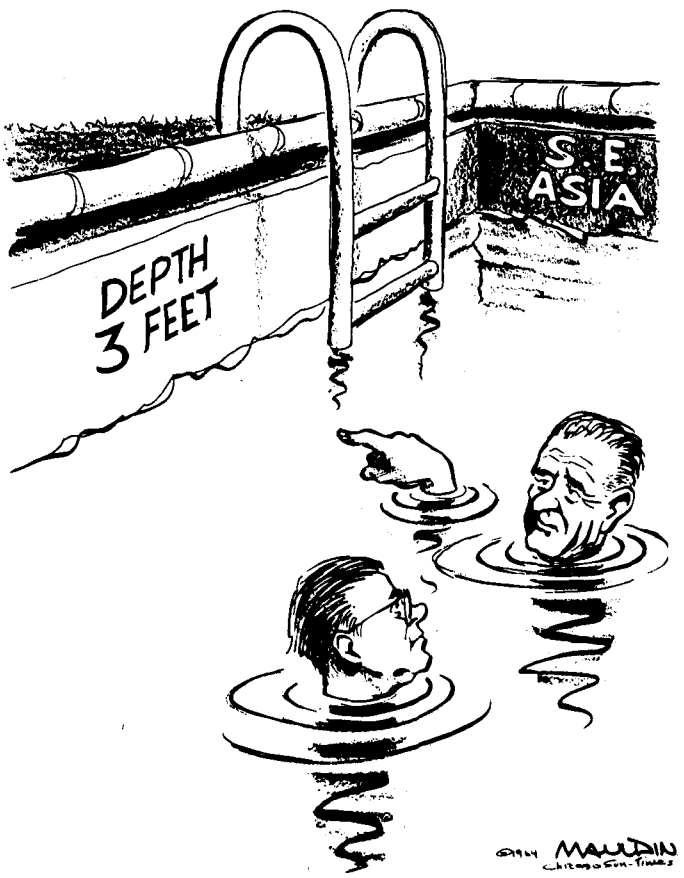
petrated elsewhere. Syngman Rhee, the President of South Korea, regularly rallied his faltering supporters by shouting his intention to "march North"; and the American division in South Korea to defend it from the North served as a brake on Rhee to prevent him from resuming the Korean War. Nevertheless Rhee until his fall regularly and successfully used his "march North" threat to extract more aid from the US. A similar note of blackmail is now perceptible in the voice of the South Vietnamese government. Meanwhile, the task of "pacifying" South Vietnam has still to be tackled effectively. Essentially it entails reconciling the indifferent or hostile peasants with their government in Saigon as the only true and lasting means of beating the Communist South Vietnamese guerrilla forces that are more than holding their own.

The regular Viet Cong forces are now said to total about 30,000, and they are successfully fighting 200,000 regular Vietnamese troops plus 16,000, soon to be 21,000, Americans. But in Saigon last week a senior US military spokesman implied that recent setbacks in South Vietnam have been caused by about 1,500 trained "infiltrators" from the North joining the regular Viet Cong forces. Is it being seriously suggested that it takes three or four additional Americans to match each new "infiltrator"?



"Hey Mac, How Come We're Treading Water?"

The Forgotten 30,000

At President Johnson's request the Pentagon is studying the possibility of doing away with military conscription altogether, but there is one pressing injustice of the draft, involving the "forgotten 30,000," that can be remedied at once. Since this injustice costs the nation $32 million a year, its elimination should be high on a thrift-minded Administration's agenda.

The 30,000 are the drafted husbands who received "greetings" in the months, and in many cases the weeks and days, before the late President Kennedy signed his executive order of September 10, 1963, exempting childless husbands from compulsory service. Having been dealt one blow by the hand of fate, the 30,000 suffered another less than a month later. On October 2, 1963, Congress voted to exclude them from the 14 percent pay increase granted to the Armed Forces, although conscripted husbands, uprooted from jobs and professions to be paid an average of $185 a month (a figure that *includes* allotments), needed the raise as much as single men. Nor will they profit from pay raises now under consideration in Congress.

But by far the cruelest blow to the 30,000 came several weeks ago with a Pentagon announcement that it was considering ways of transforming the four lowest service ranks into an all-bachelor force. Married men in these ranks, the department said, are more of a burden to the nation than an asset because of the millions of dollars paid to them in allotments. With this statement, the department echoed the words of Lieutenant General Lewis Hershey, selective service director, who early in June told Congress that "a married man in the grade of private is more expensive than a noncommissioned officer who is single . . . yet is not worth more." The reason for the married man's lesser value, explained the General, lies in the many "financial worries" and "distractions" that plague him. Thus the forgotten 30,000 were told, in effect, that they were also the *unwanted* 30,000.

Small incomes are only the beginning of their problems. Because of their low ranks, they are ineligible for the limited on-post housing that exists; despite their low wages they must rent apartments in many of the expensive civilian communities around Army posts. Many have had to go heavily into debt, or undertake various moonlighting enterprises.

In view of the annual cost of their allotments – $32 million – economic common sense, as well as simple justice, would suggest that the Administration follow the course recommended by Representative Edward P. Boland of Massachusetts, who proposes the 30,000 be released as quickly as their replacements can be

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trained. In most cases this would take four months. Such a step not only would save the government that wasted $32 million, but would permit the 30,000 to return to civilian jobs, get out of debt and resume their contributions to the economy as tax-paying citizens and consumers. At the very least, an alternative step might be to reduce their terms of service from 24 to 18 months.

Either move would not disrupt the Army, which already has a policy of granting early releases to soldiers who want to return to school. It would take only a simple stroke of the Presidential pen, in the form of an executive order, to write a happy ending to this story of undeserved hardship and federal waste.

Virginia Comes Home

The day after the San Francisco convention, President Eisenhower is reported to have asked a fellow-participant, "Do you feel as old as I do?" The same question might well have been asked by Virginia's senior US Senator, the 77-year-old Harry Flood Byrd, at the close of the Democratic state meeting in Richmond on July 18. For the first time at a convention, the organization that Senator Byrd inherited from his uncle, Harry Flood, went out of control. The result will be of advantage to President Johnson.

As chairman of the resolutions committee, Governor Albertis Harrison, normally a Byrd man, obtained a majority of that committee for a resolution recognizing the massive probability of Mr. Johnson's nomination at Atlantic City, and merely expressed the hope that in another term he would govern constitutionally and with due regard for states' rights. When this resolution reached the floor, the decorum to which Byrd-watchers have become accustomed vanished. A majority of the 1,230 convention delegates rebelled, and, by 37 votes, endorsed President Johnson's nomination. By a quirk of history, the rebellion was led by a delegate named Edgar Bacon from the Ninth District in southwest Virginia, recalling the Bacon rebellion of 1676 that challenged the rule of the then royal governor.

Thus, for the first time since Woodrow Wilson, the Virginia Democratic Party is on record in favor of the party's likely choice. The impact is bound to be felt throughout the region, Mississippi notwithstanding. It was Harry Flood Byrd's invention of "massive resistance" that provided leadership for the Deep South's opposition to desegregation; it was the defeat of his policy that initiated the "deliberate speed" with which change has since occurred. The "golden silence" by which Senator Byrd has defeated every Democratic candidate for President in the Old Dominion since the war has been broken.

James R. Hoffa – the Prosecution Rests

Chicago

A time comes when the last objection has been made, the last motion denied, the last speech given. At that moment justice is terrible indeed and when the verdict is guilty, not even James R. Hoffa's iron gaze can stare it down. In Chicago last week Hoffa was convicted on three counts of fraud and one of conspiracy to defraud the Teamsters' giant Central States Pension Fund. The verdicts could bring penalties of 20 years in prison and fines totaling $13,000.

Testimony of almost 150 witnesses spilled over some 16,000 pages of transcript and government exhibits numbered more than 10,000. In the course of the 13-week trial, the government's chief attorney became ill and dropped out. One defense attorney suffered a heart attack; another broke his ankle, went through two casts and recovered; a defendant's mother died. The jury, however, went the distance undismayed by the heat or the emotional dislocation of being locked up day and night for 90 days. Said Judge Richard B. Austin at the end, "we are astounded at your good health."

The case involved a scheme by Hoffa and six others to obtain real estate loans from the Pension Fund. Part of the money was diverted to rescue Hoffa from an embarrassing Florida land project; part went into the defendants' pockets, the government contended.

Hoffa's attorneys say that the trial was marred by a number of reversible errors. They have already begun work on an appeal which could take two years. Even though he remains free in the meantime, his second conviction was a serious blow to Hoffa's grip on the Teamsters. It weakens his contention that all his troubles stem from the Attorney General. The cost of the defense was staggering, perhaps as high as $250,000, and the Teamster treasury is now closed to Hoffa. Hoffa has based his authority on the cash benefits he has won for members; when in turn he becomes too costly, by his own code he becomes expendible.

Then there is Hoffa's family. His son, a second-year law student in Michigan, worked tirelessly at the trial. He is a bright, surprisingly unembittered and intellectually honest young man. For him – and presumably for his sister and his mother – the convictions last week were extremely painful. Hoffa's own toughness is unfathomable, but he cannot extend it to his family. Hoffa knows that and he cares.

The Teamsters proclaimed from the beginning that the indictment lacked substance, that it had been drawn

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only to harass the Teamster president. For weeks it looked as though that might be true, but toward the end most observers agreed that the Justice Department's evidence was at least sufficient to justify prosecution, regardless of the jury's verdict. (Most reporters thought Hoffa would be acquitted.)

Further, the Department proved again that it could prevail against the more brilliant and more experienced attorney for the defense. The trials of rich and powerful men are often the reverse of the Gideon case: it is likely to be the government that is inadequately represented. In the Hoffa trial the problem was aggravated by the fact that poor health took US prosecutor Abraham Poretz out of action after the trial had begun. William O. Bittman, a special assistant US Attorney assigned to the Organized Crime and Rackets Section of the Chicago office, stepped in. He spent several weeks prosecuting a case he did not appear to grasp completely. On occasion he seemed to keep the prosecution afloat by sheer tenacity.

A critical juncture came when all the evidence was in and defense lawyers began arguing motions for directed verdicts of acquittal. The jury had been sent from the courtroom and Judge Austin required Bittman to outline the government's theory and cite its evidence in support of each of the indictment's 28 counts. On seven of them, the proof looked too thin and Austin granted defense motions to dismiss. For a while it looked as though even bigger chunks of the indictment might be swept away. Gradually, however, the government's grasp on the evidence tightened and as it did the line of proof became clearer.

The structure of the Pension Fund made conviction difficult. Hoffa is only one of 16 Trustees who pass on loan applications and the Trustees' approval is only a preliminary step in getting money from the Fund. Each loan is then scrutinized by "technicians" – lawyers, accountants, real estate appraisers – whose honesty was never questioned. The government contended that Hoffa had given false statements to the Trustees and technicians to permit his fellow conspirators to get loans without meeting the Fund's terms. For example, when a loan to one defendant was being considered, minutes of the Trustees' meeting showed that Hoffa had said Sears Roebuck was building a $55 million shopping center on the property. A Sears executive testified that while a lease had been drawn for a much smaller store, nothing was ever built. In another instance, government exhibits showed that Hoffa had assured a Fund technician that a defendant borrower would meet certain equity requirements though he never did.

In fraud cases "good faith" is a perfect defense and Hoffa's attorneys argued that he had only passed along what others had told him. The technicians were responsible for checking the statements so that Hoffa's remarks would not have been decisive, the defense contended. The key was "intent." Said chief defense attorney Maurice Walsh, this was a "mental crime" and the jury must "do brain surgery without tools."

The conspiracy involved loan transactions and companies from such scattered parts of the country as New York, Miami, New Orleans, St. Louis, and Los Angeles. FBI accountants testified that Fund loan money was diverted from authorized uses and channeled through dozens of companies and individual bank accounts before it reached its ultimate destination – the insolvent Florida real estate development in which Hoffa had an interest. The evidence came in by the cart-load and sometimes neither side knew what had been admitted and what had not. Commenting afterward, one juror said that for a long time he had not understood why particular witnesses had been called or what their testimony had been meant to prove.

Beyond the immediate struggle between the Teamsters and the Justice Department, the massive trial shed light on two less transitory questions: the protection of union trust funds and the adequacy of the jury system. Critics have been saying for a long time that juries may have been adequate in the simple days of William the Conqueror, but they are incompetent to understand modern cases and too naive to withstand the blandishments of clever lawyers. The jury in the Hoffa trial was composed entirely of factory workers, clerks, and such, yet it gave little comfort to critics of the system. Interviews with jurors after the trial indicated that they had done a better job of following the ball than some of the professional spectators. They said they were unimpressed by the cleverness of either side and apparently sorted facts from phrases with hard-boiled discrimination. Their verdicts on the complex indictment struck most reporters as neither irrational nor capricious.

As a commentary on unionism in the 60's, the trial was not so encouraging. Welfare funds already have the status of public trusts and are subject to federal control in a limited way. As pension funds grow and proliferate, government control will probably increase too. This binding of the unions to the government may be regrettable, but a larger misfortune is the apparent effect of the funds on union leaders themselves. On the witness stand, Hoffa described his efforts to gather information about current real estate trends, complained that other lenders sometimes lure away Fund customers, and emphasized that Fund loans bring as much as 6½ percent interest. "We're in the lending business," said the Teamster president.

Richard Cooper

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"Who's Bill Miller?"

The Man Who Thought Of Leaving Politics

No one knows for sure why Barry Goldwater chose William E. Miller from the crowd of young conservatives in the Republican Party to run for the Vice Presidency this fall.

"Bill Miller? Who's Bill Miller?" was the favorite Democratic joke in Washington last week.

He hardly gives geographical balance to the ticket, though he comes from liberal, populous New York. Miller is a congressman from the small town of Lockport in Niagara County, which is in the northwest corner of the state. He commands no allegiance whatever from New York voters generally.

Nor does he provide significant ideological diversity. He thinks like Goldwater. Being Catholic, he may capture some of the sentimental vote won by Kennedy in 1960. On the other hand he could alienate the anti-Catholic vote the Kennedy candidacy evoked.

Miller is certainly not a party unifier. Although he has been chairman of the Republican National Committee since 1961, he is not a popular figure. He is regarded as industrious and good-humored but he is also thought of as a little too cunning, a bit too fierce and a mite lacking in stature.

Goldwater's choice, then, seems comprehensible not in terms of Miller's appeal to the party or the nation, but for his distinguished service in the Goldwater cause.

When he began his reign at the national committee, Miller adopted the traditional stance of the party chairman, that of strict neutrality among contenders for the Presidential nomination. But he had never liked Nelson Rockefeller, who at the time was regarded as the favorite. In 1960, Miller personally saw to it that the New York congressional delegation repudiated its Governor and overwhelmingly supported Nixon. After Rockefeller's marital difficulties became public property, Miller decided that his Governor could not possibly win the Republican nomination and abandoned virtually all pretense of impartiality. Rockefeller on many occasions complained of Miller's obvious bias in favor of Goldwater and on a few occasions actually extracted certain concessions from him. But the New York Governor could not get at Miller through his own state organization and lacked the power inside the Republican Party to enforce any real discipline on him. Right up until San Francisco, Miller continued to use the party machinery in Goldwater's behalf.

It would probably be an exaggeration to say that Miller received the Vice Presidential nomination as the *quid pro quo* of an actual deal. It is unlikely that Goldwater would have tied his hands in advance, foreclosing a selection such as Scranton, whose political usefulness would have been greater. Miller, himself, spoke of this kind of conservative-moderate ticket many months ago. But there is reason to believe that Miller expected major reward in return for his help.

The reason lies in the political trouble that Bill Miller was in at home. In 1962, which was not a Democratic year, he won reelection by only a few thousand votes, though his traditionally Republican district had recently been gerrymandered in his favor by New York's Republican legislature. Analysts of upstate New York politics maintain that if John Kennedy had realized how weak Miller was, he would have gone into the district and changed enough Catholic votes to defeat him. For Miller, who had been complacent about his popularity at home, the experience generated a great deal of thought.

After the close call of 1962, Miller recognized that he had to make a choice between remaining on as national chairman and pursuing his career in Congress. His constituents were unimpressed with his glory as head of the Republican Party. His district is poor and unsophisticated, left in limbo many years ago by the triumph of the railroads over the Erie Canal. The voters had begun to feel deprived because they got from their congressman not defense contracts or navigation projects but press releases on speeches in Kansas City and Atlanta. Miller's opponents made skillful use of his divided loyalities. They said that Niagara County was excluded from federal largesse by his Republican leadership, which was a particularly effective argument with the many Catholics who bristled at Miller's intemperate attacks on John F. Kennedy. It was clear after 1962 that if Miller wanted to remain in the House, he had better quit his party job and rush home to repair his fences. Nonetheless, it came as a surprise to many when he announced last year that he would not be a candidate for reelection and, at 50, would retire from public life.

Personal factors help clarify Miller's decision. After breathing the heady air of national politics, he apparently had no zest for the rough-and-tumble of a local political battle. Besides, he has been known to say that he was bored with being a congressman and would not mind leaving the House. Somewhat of a *bon vivant*, he prefers golf, bridge, sartorial elegance and relaxed conviviality to the tedious, unglamorous work that is the lot of the conscientious congressman. His comfortable Washington home is on the first green of a golf course. In his district he has a fine house on Lake Ontario. He has a pretty wife and four daughters, with whom he would like to spend more time. Fi-

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nancially, he could do better tending to his thriving law practice in Buffalo. It seemed worth a gamble to sacrifice the House seat in hope of something bigger.

But what? Goldwater recognized that it was to his interest to have Miller remain as national chairman. He and Miller shared a political ideology. They were also good friends. They had worked closely together in the 1962 race, when Goldwater was chairman of the Senatorial Campaign Committee. (Chairman of the Congressional Campaign Committee was Representative Bob Wilson of California, which moved the right-wing *Human Events* to dub them exultantly the "triumvirate of conservatives.") Unquestionably it was understood that, if Miller decided to stay with the National Committee and Goldwater made it, the New Yorker would receive his reward.

At San Francisco, Miller did. Scranton had burned his bridges. By the end of the convention, Goldwater was angry enough at the moderates to insist on all the forms as well as the substance of victory. He deprived them of even a shred of dignity by standing firm on the platform, inconsequential as the changes were that they requested. He made an acceptance speech designed to mortify them. He picked Miller not with an eye toward humbling Democrats but toward humbling Republican moderates. Bill Miller, dedicated conservative and possessor of several due bills at the Goldwater store, was just the man he needed.

For those who favor a homogeneous ticket, it will be a comfort that Miller and Goldwater have much in common. They have both, during their careers in public service, displayed far greater interest in party than in national affairs. Both have shocking absentee records, which largely precede their taking on important outside responsibilities. Both have poor reputations among their colleagues for committee work.

The Record Is Deceptive

By a small margin, Miller has been ostensibly more liberal than Goldwater in legislative voting. But his record is deceptive, for Miller has frequently resorted to the device of voting to gut a bill or recommit it before voting in favor of its final passage. He did just that, for instance, with Kennedy's Trade Expansion Act. He cast contradictory votes on the tax cut and on the United Nations bond issue. He has been on the record as a supporter of foreign aid, but has always voted to cut its appropriations. He voted in favor of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, although he has since joined Goldwater in expressing doubt about its constitutionality. He has rarely opposed the House coalition of Dixiecrats and Republicans. The extremely conservative Americans for Constitutional Action has given him an award for acting "to preserve the integrity of the Constitution." His ACA voting index last year was 81 percent, compared to Goldwater's 100 percent. At the other end of the spectrum, the liberal Americans for Democratic Action awarded Miller a rating of 11 percent on last year's voting record; Goldwater achieved zero.

Miller survived his severest test of political agility in 1956, six years after he was first elected to the House. He was on record then as a sponsor of an Eisenhower civil rights bill, which he had supported vigorously in committee. While the bill was being debated on the floor, a measure was passed by the Senate to authorize the federal government to develop electric power at Niagara Falls, which is in Miller's district. Miller was openly the spokesman of the local private utilities, which sought desperately to block the bill. Miller's principal hope was in the Rules Committee, where Chairman Smith and his crony, Representative Colmer of Mississippi, could concentrate enough effort to keep the Niagara Falls legislation from ever going to the House floor. Smith and Colmer, of course, opposed the civil rights bill. In one of the dramatic turnabouts in recent House history, Miller rose during the debate to move to defeat the civil rights measure. Much reflection, he said, had led him to the position that the civil rights bill was, after all, unconstitutional. "I make this motion in utter sincerity," he told his skeptical colleagues. Few of them believed him. Smith and Colmer duly pigeonholed the Niagara power legislation.

Within a few years, Miller had sufficiently recouped his prestige to be a leader in the fight of the Republican "Young Turks" to replace former Speaker Joe Martin as Minority Leader by Charlie Halleck of Illinois. The victorious Halleck, in turn, backed Miller the following year against Martin's man, Representative McCulloch of Ohio, to become chairman of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee. As a national campaign leader, Miller was a tireless helper of Republicans and a remorseless foe of Democrats. In 1960, when the GOP lost the Presidency and several places in the Senate, Republicans gained 21 seats in the House. As a big winner in an otherwise dismal year, Miller received much praise and attention. So high was his prestige in the party that when the gentlemanly Senator Thruston Morton resigned as national chairman, hard-fisted Miller became the natural choice. Ideology played no part in the promotion. It was only later that it became a factor in Goldwater's favor. It was Miller, for example, who determined the "Southern strategy" for the 1962 campaign, which sacrificed the interests of Northern liberal candidates to the goal of winning conservative Republican seats in the South. This strategy has become, in essence, Goldwater's plan for victory in 1964. If it is successful, a lame-duck congressman from Lockport, N.Y., will be the Vice President of the United States.

Milton Viorst

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KARL HESS

Goldwater Finds His Sorensen

by Murray Kempton

> *"It would not be America really if it did not produce men who suddenly tire of palaver and reach for the rifle on the wall, to use themselves or to hand to the underdog who needs it."*
>
> KARL HESS, *The American Mercury, May, 1954*

Karl Hess wrote the draft of Barry Goldwater's acceptance speech as Republican nominee, as he has composed most of Goldwater's formal utterances since being summoned to close the rhetoric gap after New Hampshire. Senator Goldwater, *The New York Times* indicates, read Hess' effort with approval but no visible excitement until he came, near the end, to the paragraph: "I would remind you that extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice. And let me remind you, also, that moderation in the pursuit of justice is no virtue."

" I like that," Barry Goldwater exclaimed. And so that paragraph, in tune with the instincts of the Senator as critic, was the only one in the acceptance speech to appear with a line beneath each word for emphasis when its text was released to the news media. And when he reminded us all in San Francisco that extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice, his galleries and his delegates gave way to the loudest cry of joy they would raise all evening. More than anything else he said that night, that paragraph made those who trust Barry Goldwater think they had found the reason for their trust, and those who fear him think they had found the reason for their fear.

Yet the statement that extremism in the defense of liberty is no vice essentially means nothing unless we know what images come to the speaker's mind. Barry Goldwater would seem to have a mind with small inclination to learn what it does not know already. Its desire is not to explore but to respond. Far from being superficial, this mind is one of the more elemental in our public experience; it moves not on the surface of that experience but in its deeps. One does not convey an idea to the head; one strikes a chord in the interior.

Karl Hess seems to be the first speechwriter Senator Goldwater has had who fully meets his interior necessities, and who brings not just a pen but a tuning fork to the service of a man whose feeling has always been less for the words than for the music. No prior mechanic ever had this precise pitch. The Senator has wandered most of the last decade between the sporting balloonists, too far loose in the atmosphere, like Brent Bozell, and the groundlings, too bound to earth, like Stephen Shadegg, or Tony Smith, his present administrative assistant. Neither sort quite suits that side of Barry Goldwater's nature to which the sight of any new gadget is an evocation. As a politician incurably amateur, Bozell could not really care about what worked. Shadegg and Smith cared too much about what had always worked. Goldwater has gone as far as he has because his interior understood his real strength better than logic and tradition could. As a hobbyist he has no higher delight than the discovery of a new gadget which no other hobbyist has; as a politician, he could have no useful instrument except some new gadget which no other politician would dare to try. He thus fitted his tactics to his taste.

The old rules instructed that he would need to moderate his views to make himself an important political figure; but that rule grew up in a politics most of whose practitioners were moderate by nature and who were glad to settle into that posture, as soon as it was convenient and practical. Senator Goldwater is not moderate; and after his horrid experience in New Hampshire, he followed his nature. Instead of softening, he grew harder. He had always been genial with his critics and anxious for their affection. Now he showed that he could be cold and cruel to his opponents, even after they were beaten, and after tradition argued that he would serve himself better by salving rather than salting their wounds.

Goldwater used to talk about scrapping the United Nations and seemed a pleasant, tractable man; in San Francisco, he promised to strengthen the United Nations and seemed harsh and intractable in a way he had never been. He had commenced to hurt people's feelings; he did not bother even to thank Clifford White, the Eastern professional who had been his preconvention organizing director. No one who knows him well could remember Barry Goldwater giving way to

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bad personal manners before. One of his oldest acolytes from the Eastern establishment of the New Conservatism said the other day that he was afraid that Barry Goldwater might have a power complex. That is too much to say about him yet; the manner may soften; but the voice that once wanted only for us to like him has taken on a tone demanding first that we respect him.

In March, he made two changes in his immediate staff that were particular portents of the direction in which he was following his instincts. He took on Edward Nellor as his press secretary, the hand, and Karl Hess as his speechwriter, the head. Nellor is a former research assistant to Fulton Lewis, Jr., and was occasional speechwriter for the late Senator Joe McCarthy. In choosing Nellor then, Goldwater called not upon the comfortable establishment of the Republican Party but upon the armed camp outside it.

Hess was a more complicated bit of goods, less familiar than Nellor was to Washington journalists, who had known him for enough years to have developed for him that tolerance reporters might have for any old colleague who had become a private detective and wasn't investigating them.

When he committed himself entire to Goldwater in March, Hess was director of special projects for the American Institute for Public Policy Research, whose purpose is to educate the public in the "social and public advantages . . . [of] the system of free competitive enterprise" and whose directors, for all their tax-exempt status, would be delighted if some Congressman should stumble upon one of their studies of union monopoly, medicare or federal aid to education and take its lessons to heart. The Institute depends for support on keeping alive the conviction of businessmen that the government which labors so hard to make them rich is their socialist enemy. A man experienced at maintaining that proposition has the bent for metaphysics which Goldwater had missed in speechwriters like Smith and Shadegg.

One Interior Calling Another

Hess also had rendered editorial assistance to another Institute – The Institute for Strategic Studies, a subsidiary of a third institute – The American Enterprise Institute. The Institute for Strategic Studies is commanded by retired Admiral Arleigh Burke and fully reflects his sense that the trouble with our foreign policy is that politicians playing soldier have pushed the soldiers who want to play politician into the shadows. Hess, in this connection, offers that bent for *realpolitik* which Goldwater missed in Bozell.

But all these previous affiliations reflect only surface qualities; there must be something deeper to make Karl Hess the first speechwriter to fully satisfy Barry Goldwater. One interior must be calling to another when the Senator cries out "I like that."

The source of this interior harmony does not sound instantly loud to anyone who visits Mr. Hess in the office at the Goldwater pre-convention campaign headquarters, where he waits to move into the conquered headquarters of the Republican National Committee. He is just a little beyond 40, placid, with the round, unlined face and the too-settled figure which artistic convention uses to convey the inner peace that is possessed by the Buddha.

Habit has made Hess agreeable to any visiting journalist, whatever his heresies, as one artisan is agreeable to another. He has earned this posture because he is a thoroughly competent artisan, always a busy but never before now an especially successful one. The title "Director of Special Projects" at the American Enterprise Institute described functions largely anonymous and mechanical. Hess' career has generally had that cast. He was press editor at *Newsweek* from 1950 to 1954, and there, of course, his work was unsigned. He seems to have written at least three books and all had to be signed with the names of other men. It is said that he wrote John Noble's memoir of his life in a Soviet prison camp; Gunther Reinhardt's *Crime Without Punishment* (a history of Stalin's police) and Elmer Peterson's *Big Dam Foolishness* (a complaint against public power). He helped compile *The Conservative Papers* for Congressman Melvin Laird as a rebuttal to James Roosevelt's collection, *The Liberal Papers*. He seems to have worked at various times as an editor of *Counter-Attack*, the newsletter which left us *Red Channels;* as editor of Washington *World*, a failed effort to establish a right-wing newsmagazine; and as researcher and writer for the Republican Party.

Out of all these things there is strangely little from which to judge Karl Hess' interior, except by the dubious standard of association. There is, in fact, only one body of work signed by Karl Hess, and thus, with certain limitations, both useful and fair as source for the cast of his mind and the bent of his impulse. Those are the articles Hess wrote for the *American Mercury* from the spring of 1954 until the summer of 1957.

The *Mercury* then was published by Russell Maguire, an oil speculator and wartime submachine gun processor. When Hess first began to write for it, Maguire still had a learner's permit from the respectable, if McCarthyist right; he had enlisted William F. Buckley, Jr., Ralph de Toledano and Irene Korbally Kuhn as contributing editors to the *Mercury*. By 1955, Maguire had begun to be possessed by visions of a Zionist conspiracy, so that by 1958, the Anti-Defamation League was impelled to call his *Mercury* "the single most important anti-Semitic publication at the present time."

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Buckley, de Toledano and Mrs. Kuhn were disturbed enough by Maguire's aura to resign from his staff as early as 1955. Hess became a contributing editor of the *Mercury* in the reorganization after their exodus. His best-known editorial associate by that stage of the *Mercury's* decay was Harold Lord Varney, who has been so long thought of as a philosophical fascist as to have earned some reverence as a moderate.

We arrive then at the largest sheaf of writings that is signed with Karl Hess' own name and, even then, one's first question has to be not about what Karl Hess wrote but for whom he wrote it. To help his questioner and his own memory, he reaches to his desk and picks up a mimeographed summary of his life and works gathered by Group Research, a private agency specializing in unfriendly studies of the personnel, the principles and the instruments of the right-wing revolt.

Article on Oppenheimer

"A lot of people think Group Research is a smear group," Hess smiled. "But this piece is better than my memory, and it will help me answer. They say that the Anti-Defamation League found that *by 1959* the *Mercury*, under Maguire, had become the most important anti-Semitic publication in the country, and that I had quit before then. Actually I think they *may* be wrong; they say I left the masthead in 1958. I think I left well before then. I decided to leave when Maguire rewrote a piece of mine on the Institute for Advanced Study quite badly."

That would be in July of 1956, when Karl Hess' name appeared under an article on Robert Oppenheimer and the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton. The article contains the customary accounts of fraternization with the Communist conspiracy by various of the Institute's fellows. But there were odd little digressions; one such reports that, on social occasions at the Institute, Albert Einstein, "is mentioned as brightening considerably when the subject turns from science to Zionism, a subject dear to his heart, as the *Times* points out, throughout his career at the Institute." The most powerful single figure among the Institute's trustees is identified as "Senator Herbert H. Lehman, legislator, *international financier*, and avowed enemy of the sort of security system that lifted Oppenheimer's clearance." The word "Zionist" translates "Jew," and the phrase "international financier" as "rich Jew" in the half-consciousness of the audience at which Russell Maguire aimed. But in no other contribution of his to the *Mercury* did Hess cater in any such detail to Maguire's obsession; and it is only fair to assume that his memory can be trusted in its assertion that any anti-Semitic expressions in the Institute article were Maguire's violation of what he claims was an originally innocent manuscript.

"It was terrible," Hess remembers. "The wife of one of my best friends was Oppenheimer's secretary. When the piece came out, I didn't even recognize it. It was a terrible thing; I suppose I should have quit then. But I didn't know just what good it would do. And then I was free-lancing, and the *Mercury* was an outlet.

"But after that I left. I don't believe I ever did anything for them again. Oh, there was a piece of mine in April of 1957? Well, there may be but I certainly hope that anything of mine that was printed in the *Mercury* after the Institute thing was written earlier.

"I suppose I stayed longer than I should have. A lot of people left before I did."

One earlier secessionist was Ralph de Toledano, who quit as a contributing editor in 1955 with the charge that the *Mercury* "flirts with anti-Semites," and created by that act one of those vacancies on the *Mercury* masthead, which were thereafter filled by Karl Hess among others. Toledano reported that he had been told that Maguire had called him a "Jew boy."

"Oh," says Hess, "Maguire was not the sort of man who would ever use a term like 'Jew boy.' It was just that he began seeing a Zionist under every bed. Of course, any kind of anti-Semitism is no good but Maguire's sort was the kind I would least imagine would be harmful, because it was so obscure. You know, charts and all sorts of talk about the *illuminati*; I only went out to his house and got the treatment once. He had a whole bound set of the *Dearborn Independent*. He had this idea of reprinting the whole thing. Actually I think the trouble was his wife – beautiful woman incidentally – she was a white Russian and you know what they're like. When I left that night, I'd already decided to quit. No, I don't know when it was or when I quit."

In March, 1956, Hess led the *Mercury* with a piece captioned "Your Checklist on the UN."

"The kindly clergyman who speaks of the UN as a virtually holy trust probably doesn't have the foggiest notion that the UN has rejected God at its front door," it said. The *Mercury's* readers meet innocents like that every day, Hess suggested, and here was a list, category by category, of the true facts to set them straight.

Some samples from Hess' arsenal of facts:

"COMMUNISTS IN UN: The informed estimate of the *United States News* is that 'as many as 50 percent of the 1300 policy-level staff members of the UN were either Communists or willing to follow Communist direction.'

"FIFTH COLUMN: 'You have erected the greatest Fifth Column headquarters in the world – the United Nations. Why a great nation like the US bothers to belong to such a monstrous organization, why any great

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nation would care to join—is more than I can honestly comprehend.' Lord Beaverbrook."

"MISCEGENATION: The UN has produced at least one official statement approving of intermarriage between the races, whether or not there might be individual cultural objections."

"I don't recognize any of this," Hess answered, when he had heard various samples read aloud. "I've forgotten most of these things; I suppose I ought to get hold of them. Some one will be bringing them up. This one I sort of remember as a compilation I put together of what other people had said, with very little of my own it it."

In January of 1956, Hess composed for the *Mercury* another analysis of the UN, in this case of the lies he said the UN tells about itself.

"Since the inception of the United Nations, it has been clear," Hess wrote then, "that Sweden's totalitarian, if benevolent, socialism has been the standard and goal of this organization. . . . This supra-national agency has been easily used by the 'professional peacemakers' in the Kremlin . . . It provided a perfect cover for their 'peaceful' espionage in this and other countries."

Karl Hess, of course, drafted the speech "The United Nations: An Instrument for Peace and Freedom" for Senator Goldwater to deliver in Los Angeles last May.

"The way I felt about the UN when I wrote for the *Mercury* is different from the way I feel now," Hess says. "I've done a lot of thinking about it and so has the Senator. But I still can't see the connection between the Charter and what's going on now. You look at the Charter; it's one of the most wonderful things I've ever read." And then he lost patience at having indulged even this long in nonsense for the sake of decorum, and said: "I don't know why it has to be assumed that your moral character is the way you feel about the UN. Suppose you are against the UN; it's a mortal organization and ought to be subject to mortal criticism."

"Who Has the Guns?"

Karl Hess seems to have been most comfortable at the *Mercury* when he was writing about the things that truly interested him, which were not politics or economics but the iron of weapons and of military discipline.

In 1957, he asked each reader "Should You Own A Gun?" and answered:

"The question of freedom, when stripped to its steel center is just this: Who has the guns? . . . [Ours] is the sort of freedom which, based upon an ideal and an urge, was born in gunfire, preserved in gunfire and which is, even today, maintained by a ready strength of arms."

"That one I have read lately," Hess says. "It's often reprinted. I wrote it as a lifetime member of the National Rifle Association. It's a little overstated but it seems a pity to me when people feel that there is something indecent about firearms. And I still think that, if everybody in Latin America had a pistol, they would have democracy."

But the fullest expression of his notions of strength, order and history that Karl Hess ever gave himself in the *Mercury* was in its November 1956 issue under the title: "The War Against Our National Guard."

He began by asking what would happen to us all if the United States were ever to have a President who tried to enforce an open dictatorship.

"The answer must," he wrote, "be based upon something with the palpable force of a bayonet and the spiritual force of this Republic's concept of sovereign peoples. There are 52 good reasons why a federal abuse could be stopped dead in its tracks. They are the 52 national guards."

President Roosevelt had, Hess explained, schemed to convert the National Guard into a "people's army . . . in order to pave the way for a future in which military tradition would be weakened." And ever since, "there have been continuing efforts to 'civilianize' or 'demilitarize' the *armed* forces."

These efforts, Hess went on, "*have been somewhat successful where civilian Secretaries can exercise control,*" but National Guard commanders resisted interference by elected officers of their states.

"There always has existed in most Guard units a rigid old-fashioned 'snobbiness' about rank—men seek it and work for it," Hess imagined. "It doesn't pay off in progressivism, but it does pay off in battle."

"Guard units tend to separate people into classes in defiance of the classless society . . . [That] helps raise the hackles of those who stay up at night dreaming of tomorrow's egalitarian Utopias."

"I wrote that," Hess says now, "in cooperation with some National Guard people. I think it's a little strong. I remember, for instance, that the National Guard *does* have to fight federal wars. Do I think civilian Secretaries exercise dangerous control? Look, civilian control is in the Constitution and I've always been rather fond of the Constitution. But there's a very serious morale problem today. The military are being treated like second-class citizens by McNamara. That was one of the things that gravitated me to the Senator. When McNamara thinks the military is in his way, he doesn't choose to talk to its personnel. We have built up over the years a system of judgment in awards of military contracts. It is the military men—'engineers, warriors, poets and priests'—who know that system best and McNamara pays them no attention." Hess *was* troubled

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by one paragraph in his National Guard brief in the *Mercury*. As printed, it read:

"In the National Guard, by and large, there is more of a preoccupation with training and with distinctly undemocratic efforts to instill discipline that comes from respect of and obedience to authority."

"I don't understand that," Hess says now. What did *I* think he had meant saying that National Guard discipline was undemocratic? I suggested that perhaps then Hess had thought that to be undemocratic in troop training was a virtue and not a sin or perhaps his editor had forgotten to surround the word "undemocratic" with quotation marks to indicate irony.

"Yes," Hess answered. "It must have been some reason like that. I don't think I could have meant it critically. I have always had the highest respect for military rank."

Karl Hess never had much chance to test that respect for rank in the crucible of its service, although that was not for want of trying. He enlisted in World War II and was sent to an armored force school and then discharged for malaria, beri-beri, dengue and other effects of his childhood in the Philippines. The military tradition seems to have been his passion ever since. Karl Hess may be that special kind of revolutionary whose impulse arises from frustration, one of Lucien de La Hodde's "lawyers without clients, physicians without patients, writers without readers. . . ."

He would seem to have been a soldier without a weapon, and he remembers having been a writer who would have had no readers once he left the stable of Russell Maguire. There is in his life a line which runs from 1954 when Karl Hess thought how American it is to tire of palaver and reach for a gun, all the way to July of this summer when he brought to Senator Goldwater the notion that it is no sin to be extreme in the defense of liberty. And Senator Goldwater responded as he does in his moments of genuine feeling, which are not when he agrees with a conception but when he recognizes a shared response. They need each other. Karl Hess is a perfect fit because his mind boils down to notions of order and of discipline and his blood beats to a wild disordered tune.

Perhaps all this is too harsh on them both. It is, without straining to judge anyone's interior, quite enough to absorb the fact that it took only four days in San Francisco to give us a Republican candidate for President whose speeches are written by a man whom a journalist has to ask why he went on writing for a magazine whose publisher could not contain his possession by the spectre of the International Jew. And the subject, Barry Goldwater's Ted Sorensen, entirely agreeable, answers the question as though he were talking about an ordinary career and a normal job, in whose course he was transiently embarrassed when his employer invited him to dinner and explained that the Jews were at our throat and then went home thinking that really he should quit.

Black and White

HARLEM—*"Killers, Go Home"*

by Gershon Jacobson

The earthquake in Harlem and the Bedford-Stuyvesant section in Brooklyn produced a crisis in Negro leadership, and a switch in police tactics of preventing violence instead of merely suppressing riots. It disclosed a strange alliance of poles-apart extremists who armed to capture the reins of revolution to suit their own beliefs and aims. And it exposed diplomatic attaches who for years have tried to get a foothold in the boiling Negro ghettoes, and it ruined some self-satisfied businessmen, opportunistic politicians and dope peddlers.

The Negroes who participated in one way or another in the revolt against law and order rejected the claims of established Negro organizations to speak on their behalf or, for that matter, to represent Negroes in the North. The Negro leaders responded by mapping plans for a summit conference of dozens of organizations and their spokesmen, to consider how they could retrieve their weakened position, and how to convince themselves as well as the white communities that the "respectable" Negro establishments do represent the

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Negro masses, in spite of the Negro masses in Harlem and in Brooklyn having revoked their authority.

Mayor Wagner's invitation to Dr. Martin Luther King angered the local Negro leaders. They felt snubbed. King did meet with officials of NAACP, the Urban League and CORE, before seeing Wagner. But these officials admit they no longer control the Negro masses, so Martin Luther King's meeting with them was called "meaningless."

In Harlem and Brooklyn last week there were still hundreds of policemen in steel helmets patrolling the streets, and here and there one could still hear a Negro jeer: "Killers, go home."

But the battleground had transferred to Rochester 300 miles north of New York, and in the metropolis there was the calm after the storm.

To a great extent, it was the law-enforcing authorities that were finally responsible for the end of the riots. In the first days of violence in Harlem, the police instead of preventing disturbances resorted to suppression. Only on July 24 did Police Commissioner Michael Joseph Murphy ban a mass rally of inflamed Negroes that was to take place on July 25 and could have easily erupted into a new flare-up of brick-throwing and looting. Before that, the police got involved only when actual violence broke out. They did not make a move when fiery preachers and agitators called on the Negroes to revolt, to kill, to fight, and to forceably take over all the "goodies" that the black people were excluded from by the whites. In contrast to its past policy, the police department also assigned five Negro police sergeants to Harlem precincts to replace five white officers. This was the first concrete concession to the demands made by Negroes during the riots. The banning of the July 25 demonstration, the several concessions made by city authorities, and behind-the-scenes actions by Negro leaders and city and police officials are to be credited with establishing at least temporary peace and order.

The riots in Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant were triggered by an incident on a quiet Yorkville street. On July 16, at about 9:15 in the morning, an off-duty white police lieutenant, Thomas R. Gilligan, fatally shot a 15-year-old Negro summer student named James Powell. The police insisted that the shooting was an act of self-defense in the face of a knife assault by the youth. In Harlem it was almost unanimous that it was "cold-blooded murder." This was the spark that set Harlem aflame.

On a humid summer evening, a street-corner preacher told a crowd of Negroes that the time had come to march to the police station to demand the suspension of "whitey, child killer, Lieutenant Gilligan." The crowd moved in force. There were women and children, the young, the middle-aged, the old. There was no laughter. There was a stench of hatred.

No nationally prominent Negro leaders were in this crowd. All of them were far away from the scene. One could see only a sea of determined militancy, a tide of anger and revenge, a mass of human flesh who had decided to take matters into their own hands. I could also observe young Negroes, in huge sunglasses, who controlled the situation by ordering people, conferring with each other, and suddenly disappearing and then appearing again with more orders and commands. The word that an angry mob was moving on the police station house got around. Negroes from dwellings all over Harlem began to flow and intermingle with the march. Inside the police precinct an order was issued to form a wall of policemen to confront the marchers.

Raining Bricks and Bottles

The men in the enormous sunglasses [I counted 24 of them] passed the word that there was going to be a "massacre" and everyone should defend himself. Bats and bricks, beer cans and lengths of pipe appeared in the hands of some. Others took off their belts. At the station house I saw some of the organizers on the roofs of houses, raining down bricks and bottles. The policemen put on steel helmets and began to fire warning shots in the darkness.

The rioting spread. Mobs ran through the streets, and the biggest Negro ghetto in the country rapidly became a hell of gunfire, barrage of bricks, screams and laughter, and cries of drunken gangs that swarmed through the streets looting stores, attacking whites, insulting each other, cursing and taunting the police. So it went, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday. On Wednesday the riots swept across the East River to "little Harlem," the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn. There it was even more violent. Few women were on the scene. It was mostly young men well-organized, who wantonly robbed and stabbed, and looted about 500 stores.

Most New Yorkers followed the events with undisguised bewilderment. Mothers telephoned summer camps, to try to rush their children away from the city. Italians, Greeks, and Puerto Ricans prepared to meet the Negroes with violence. In one Greek restaurant on Kingston Avenue in Brooklyn, I was shown a half-dozen hand grenades. The manager said that these were ready to be used against Negro mobs. Some people however remembered that riots in Harlem are nothing new. They recalled that in 1943 police wounded a Negro soldier in Harlem. Someone then spread the rumor that he was killed, and this produced an orgy of violence and street fighting. By the end of the riot-

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ing the toll was five Negroes dead, 543 injured, 484 arrested.

But what does seem to be new is the appearance on the Harlem scene of men like Jesse Gray, a leader of rent strikes who also appeared at the altar of a Harlem church and, when he called for guerrilla warfare, was cheered by the church audience, who at the same time threatened, jeered and booed moderate Negro spokesmen who appealed for reason and order. This was a growl of indignation that did not seem to belong with Harlem's past. Men like Jesse Gray and William Epton and their like achieved national prominence last week. They appeared to be the wheelers and dealers in every key issue involved in the riots.

Epton is a self-avowed militant Communist organizer, who quickly got the backing of ultra-nationalistic groupings, of supporters of Castro, of Mao, of Sukarno. At that stage moderate Negro leadership declared itself powerless to control the mob hysteria.

The sound of bullets and flying bottles brought New York Mayor Robert Wagner back from his European vacation. The Mayor appeared on TV and radio and asked everyone to stop fighting. He said that all security measures would promptly and effectively be employed to insure peace and order. He also tried to persuade frightened out-of-towners to stop cancelling vacation reservations in New York. But the Mayor's speech made no impact on Harlem. There, even law-abiding citizens said that the Mayor is "a stupid man." Negro speakers demanded the immediate appointment of a civilian control board that would be a watchdog for Negro complaints that New York cops are "brutes."

After four nights of looting and violence, 7,500 clergymen pleaded that reason should prevail. Harlem's Congressman, Adam Clayton Powell, who is a Baptist minister with a well-developed taste for luxury, suddenly came back to Washington from abroad and issued a statement to the press urging Mayor Wagner to bar the use of live ammunition in dealing with rioters.

But Congressman Powell was termed by Negroes in Harlem as a "coward," who was said to be afraid to come to New York because of some $40,000 libel damages he is supposed to owe a Negro woman. One Negro, George Spencer, said: "Powell is no good. If he comes here now we will pack him up and ship him to Puerto Rico." (Congressman Powell has a home there.)

United Nations diplomats from Egypt and several new African states frequent a Harlem store which is a headquarters for paid agitators. I saw pictures of automobiles with "DPL" and "FC" license plates parked in front of Harlem dwellings of black nationalists. At one of the rallies in Harlem a Negro distributed leaflets saying that the Jews and the Zionists drove out the Arabs from Palestine and that now they are doing the same to the Negroes. "It's the Jews who are to blame," the Negro said. He admitted he was paid to distribute this anti-Semitic literature.

The underworld in Harlem and in Brooklyn, the policy racketeers, loan sharks and pimps, tried to stop the looting and window smashing and to restore the area of their operations to normal. The upheaval, with its augmented police details and publicity, cut deeply into the business of the hoodlums. Streetwalkers in the Bedford-Stuyvesant section claimed that they were ruined for a long time to come. Dope peddlers and racketeers lost a great volume of business as a result of their customers taking part in the riots. Last week the underworld, too, prayed for more tranquil days.

The city's bedeviled Negro policemen were the most indignant about the whole affair. This is how they described the head-on charges of crazed mobs: "So you see them on top of those unlighted roofs; you notice them coming straight at you from darkened alleys. Then there is no one to talk to – you have to shoot otherwise they'll just cut you to pieces."

The Negro cop on the beat was the poignant example of the loneliness of a man who has to fight and perhaps shoot his own brother.

"The rioting in Harlem and elsewhere is further proof that America cannot handle the problem, and we have started machinery to put this problem before the United Nations," said Malcolm X in Cairo, according to news reports from there. This was echoed in New York by many Negro street-corner speakers who claimed – and the crowds agreed – that in America the situation is similar to South Africa.

The saddest story was that of the Negro children, who were the victims of rioting. I saw one child sitting on the steps of a rotten tenement slum, crying, shouting, surrounded with boxes of new shoes and a bag of cheap jewelry. That child was asking for a home, for a mother, a father. But there was no one to listen.

He said that his father married "another mother" and his mother went to find a job and he was given into the care of an aunt that day. But the aunt was fighting in the streets and was arrested. The child was alone.

COMING: *Christopher Jencks on the next phase of the civil rights fight in Mississippi*

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BIRMINGHAM–"Keeping Our Fingers Crossed"

by Rowland Evans and Robert Novak

Perhaps it is only Birmingham purging itself. This city, whose violence and murder spawned the civil rights bill last summer, is now the hopeful symbol of Southern compliance with the new Act. Compliance in moderate, progressive Atlanta would have been no surprise. In segregationist, tension-ridden Birmingham, it seems a miracle.

But there are no miracles today in the South, particularly not in this raw-boned, blue-collar steel town that sprouted out of Alabama's coal and iron ore deposits during the industrial revolution. The story of Birmingham's decision to accept, not to fight, the toughest civil rights law in history is the story of fastidious planning, dating back to last summer even before President Kennedy had finally decided to ask Congress to outlaw discrimination in public accommodations.

"We're still keeping our fingers crossed," William (Billy) Hamilton, a slight, chain-smoking political technician, told us the other day. Hamilton is executive secretary to Mayor Albert Boutwell. One source of possible trouble is the lurking figure of Governor George Wallace. Wallace has been ominously quiet about Birmingham's new life. He might still turn triumph into disaster.

One motel (which shall be nameless) was schizophrenic about the new law's public accommodations section. When other motels and hotels decided to admit Negroes the moment President Johnson signed the new law, it threatened to hold out. City officials pleaded with the manager:

"The choice of course is yours, but if you can't go along please resign from the motel association. It is vital when the association issues its announcement of compliance that it be unanimous."

Reluctantly, the hold-out went along. The hotel and motel association's July 3 announcement proclaimed to "the travelling public and the citizens of Birmingham" that compliance "will be observed by all members."

One place to view the new Birmingham is the Parliament House, a swank motel with plush lounges and elegant bars – and, of course, a lily-white clientele until now. At the Parliament House one day last week, two Negro young women chatted softly over their meal in the pleasant, sun-lit lunchroom, surrounded by whites. Across the lunchroom, a white-collar Negro, sportily dressed, ate alone. The scene was scarcely credible in a city that a year ago was dishonored by the snarl of police dogs, the arrogant presence of Wallace's state troopers and the bombing-murder of children.

In the heart of downtown Birmingham, Abe Slotnik's 20th Century Restaurant, where lawyers and bankers like to eat lunch, was all white on the day we stopped in. "No one's come in here," Slotnik said. "When they do, they'll be served just like you. I'm not fighting the government."

So far there has not been any trouble worthy to be dignified as an "incident." The closest to it came one evening in the formal dining room of the Parliament House. Two white couples got up and walked out when a party of nine Negroes walked in. The whites had ordered their meal and left without paying.

"We let them go," a Parliament House clerk explained. "The food hadn't gotten to their table. But it was foolish of them. They probably found the same thing at the next place."

What has happened in Birmingham the past few weeks is not the start of the biracial millenium. But as a case study of compliance with a law repellent to the majority, today's Birmingham story is as encouraging as last year's violence was frightening.

It starts with a document composed by Billy Hamilton at the instruction of the Mayor and the request of the Chamber of Commerce shortly after the Senate adopted cloture on the civil rights bill. Cloture ended the filibuster and assured passage of a strong bill.

Acting on orders from Mayor Boutwell, Hamilton had been in and out of Washington for weeks, conferring with top Administration officials and with Northern businessmen with extensive interests in the South. Beginning last summer these businessmen had been secretly helping the Kennedy-Johnson Administration prepare the way for the law.

Dated June 23, Hamilton's document has become a classic. Mayors and Chambers of Commerce all over the South have asked for it to help their own adjustment to the public accommodations section of the new law. It has three basic features:

First, it makes no effort to "sell" compliance to reluctant businessmen.

Second, it states flatly that "the real danger of disorder or disruption of business will lie in reaching no decision at all – in making no plans" to deal with the

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sweeping changes of the new law. The absence of plan, it adds, "will leave revolutionary elements free to operate on their own initiative – in effect, fill a vacuum."

Third, it pledges police protection to proprietors of restaurants, hotels, motels, lunch counters and other "public accommodations," whether they plan to comply with the law or resist it until tested in the courts.

This pledge of police protection by the city of Birmingham, working with the business community, was the foundation on which the city built its compliance program. The dynamics of the civil rights revolution, particularly in the South, have proved that a reliable police force under the direction of men committed to law enforcement is the big obstacle to rule of the mob.

Birmingham learned this from the violence that spread through its streets last year. But last year, for example, Birmingham's police department did not have much of a chance. On several occasions (once right after a truce had been reached with the Negro demonstrators) Wallace's state troopers rolled into Birmingham, clubbing and bullying, and pre-empted the city's own law enforcement.

The drafting of the city document (labelled ponderously "An Informational Memorandum with Regard to the Civil Rights Act of 1964") followed a series of quiet discussions between city officials and half-a-dozen leading citizens of Birmingham, all of them members of the Chamber of Commerce. These meetings started in early May. Frank Newton, the president of the Chamber, and Crawford Johnson III, the president-elect carried the main load for business. Mayor Boutwell, M. E. Wiggins, president of the city council, and Hamilton represented the city. From New York came Julius Manger, head of the Manger Hotel chain with headquarters at the Vanderbilt Hotel.

Manger was one of a dozen Northern executives with business interests throughout the South who were summoned by President Kennedy to the White House last summer. They were asked to help prepare a new psychological climate among Southern businessmen and their traditional methods of dealing with the race question. For a year, they worked with Presidents Kennedy and Johnson and Attorney General Robert Kennedy and his deputies. They toured the South, not trying to sell the new civil rights bill but acting as mediators between Washington and Southern business, and between Southern business and Negro leaders.

When Boutwell called the first Birmingham meeting in May, it was as secret as a council of war. He told Birmingham business that once the law was signed, the city had to have a plan and that this plan had to be "announced to the world."

"We're not asking any of you to tell us whether you are or are not going to comply," the Mayor said. "We're simply informing you that there is no longer any doubt that the law is going through and that it will definitely include a public accommodations section. We must have a plan."

A day or two before President Johnson signed the bill, the "informational memorandum" was sent to every member of the Chamber of Commerce, to all the newspapers (including Negro journals), radio and television stations. It got a lukewarm endorsement from the Negro press. The 13-page memorandum contained a detailed description of the public accommodations section, what enterprises would be exempt, and how the conciliation service would operate. It emphasized that Birmingham had "no statute, resolution, ordinance or other provision" for enforcement of the new law, but that once an entrepreneur had decided what to do – whether comply or resist – he would be fully protected by local police. By July 2, the day President Johnson signed the law, every establishment covered by the law had informed Mayor Boutwell of its willingness to comply.

What the city hoped was that responsible Negroes would test the restaurants, motion picture houses and hotels immediately, before rabble-rousers could whip up emotions either among Birmingham's Negroes or angry whites. This is precisely what happened.

On the evening of July 2, the Rev. Fred Shuttlesworth, leader of the city's Negroes, assembled his followers at Fifth Avenue and 16th Street. It was time to test the new law, he said. He advised his people to be ready for "massive resistance." He set Friday as the day for testing.

Instead of "massive resistance," Shuttlesworth's men quietly entered the Parliament House and were immediately taken to the dining room. They entered all the city's movie theaters and were ushered politely to seats. They entered Brittling's Cafeterias and were shown to the end of the line. They were accepted everywhere. Shuttlesworth was dumbfounded when the Negro testers reported back to him that not once had they been refused service.

As we write this, nothing has disturbed the tranquillity of desegregation in Birmingham. The extraordinary demonstration vindicates those who predicted last summer that desegregation in the Deep South was possible only if backed by the force of federal law. Only then would the moderates (who had always been willing to desegregate) be able to do so. Only then would the segregationists who had cried "never here" be able to save face.

There is a great lesson in Birmingham. Over the years, public figures from Dwight Eisenhower to Barry Goldwater have said that progress in civil rights depends on a change in men's hearts, not new laws. Birmingham today seems to prove otherwise, that new laws are what make progress possible.

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Is This NATO Crisis Necessary?

by Alastair Buchan

For the first time in 40 years there are to be British and American elections within a few weeks of each other. And there is now a serious risk that both the pre- and the post-election period will feature a major allied row over the proposal for a Multilateral Force, which may seriously divide Britain, America and Germany from one another and drive de Gaulle further into a corner. This risk has been created by the Johnson Administration's decision to seek final agreement on the MLF by December of this year, to get the enabling treaty legislation through the various national parliaments by the summer of 1965, ostensibly so that the issue shall not become a political football in the German general elections of next summer. Given the degree of doubt and perplexity about the MLF proposal, particularly in Britain, but also in the Netherlands and Italy, there is a danger of NATO suffering a self-inflicted wound at the very moment when scars of earlier battles are beginning to heal.

The American proposal is to create a multilaterally-owned fleet of 25 surface ships with 200 *Polaris* missiles. Eight countries (the United States, Britain, Germany, Italy, Belgium, Holland, Greece and Turkey) have been discussing it for many months. The proposal has a tangled history. Ever since the advent of the missile age began to create doubts about the credibility of the American commitment to Europe, and the advent of the British and French nuclear forces began to create tensions within Europe, two basic approaches to strengthening the cohesion of the alliance without weakening its strength or spreading the ownership of nuclear weapons have been conceivable.

One is to accept that NATO is an alliance of sovereign powers that cannot relinquish ultimate control of their own weapons; to commit the forces of the nuclear allies to NATO for planning purposes; and to reorganize the institutions of the alliance so as to give all the non-nuclear allies the maximum degree of influence over strategic and political planning, but leaving operational decisions in a nuclear crisis in the hands of the nuclear powers. This is the so-called multi-national solution. The other is to associate the non-nuclear allies more intimately with the planning, finance and operational control of part of the overall Western strategic forces, by creating an allied owned, mixed manned, jointly controlled nuclear force – the so-called multilateral solution.

The project for a multilateral force arose from the conjunction of military studies that had been made on the mixed manning of nuclear forces in Europe, and the political proposals to commit American missile-firing submarines to NATO. In the middle of 1961 a small number of enthusiasts in the State Department, allied to a still smaller number in the US Navy, began work on a plan for a mixed manned seaborne force (originally of *Polaris* submarines) which would be manned, financed and controlled jointly by the United States and those European allies who were interested. Throughout the summer of 1962 their emissaries toured the European capitals to propound the merits of their idea.

Until early last year they made only limited progress in Washington, despite a public relations campaign to gain official, political and academic support, of an energy and ruthlessness unknown since Harriet Beecher Stowe and the anti-slavery movement. President Kennedy, in particular, was unwilling to adopt their plan as a central objective of official American policy until he was quite certain that no other solution – some form of European-American strategic partnership or a reorganization of NATO itself – was viable.

But after Cuba the pressures began to multiply. The prospect of serious negotiations with Moscow, which later culminated in the test ban and the hot line, brightened. In December 1962 Adenauer agreed in principle to the Franco-German pact, which carried the alarming implication of some Franco-German deal on nuclear sharing. In the vacuum left by Britain's failure to gain entry to the Common Market and the collapse of the Kennedy Grand Design, the ideas of the multilateralists began to make some headway in the United States and considerable headway in Germany, Italy, Belgium and even Britain.

The historian will have a tough time deciding whether there ever was a real demand for the MLF in Germany, or whether the offer of a major share in the MLF forced the German government to play the role the State Department had already assigned it, namely a country eager for physical association with the control of nuclear weapons; whether, as the Defense Correspondent of the London *Times* phrased it, "the problem has in fact been created by passionate advocacy of

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the solution." Certainly it is ironic that by the time the MLF project was publicly launched, the German leaders whom Washington most distrusted in this connection, Chancellor Adenauer and Defense Minister Strauss, had disappeared from office. But by the fall of last year, not only the Erhard government but intelligent Social Democrats like Herr Fritz Erler, the vice-chairman of the party, had become reluctantly convinced that the MLF was the best way to combat American nuclear isolationism.

Shortly after President Kennedy's death the multilateralists got from President Johnson a firm endorsement of the project as a central objective of American policy which they had never received from his predecessor. And with this the European political reaction has become gradually more explicit. In Paris it is no longer regarded as a joke, but as a threat to put France in the position of eventually having to join an organization of which it is not a founder member. In Germany, it is seen by most people as a means of emphasizing the priority of the Atlantic over the European connection (in which many Germans are beginning to lose interest), while giving Germany greater status in the councils of the alliance than she has hitherto possessed. In Belgium and in Holland it is seen in much the same terms, and also as a means of keeping Gaullism at bay. In Italy views are more muddled: the left-wing members of the government fear its effect on relations with the Soviet bloc and on the domestic political scene, the right see in it the eventual nucleus of a European force. Only the two Scandinavian governments, Norway and Denmark, have held aloof from the discussions; they are not disposed to join the MLF even if it becomes a reality and they fear that it will increase the strength of neutralist sentiment in their own countries.

The MLF proponents argue that since France – and perhaps the US Congress as well – blocks the path to a more comprehensive reorganization of NATO, the MLF provides an alternative to a gradual fragmentation of the alliance. It would give the European countries which decide to participate some responsibility as well as knowledge about nuclear targetting, force levels and general policy. They would also be financially involved, which would have the dual merit of forcing them to take their responsibilities seriously and of taking a small share of the burden of Western deterrence off American shoulders.

One of the strongest arguments in favor of the MLF is that it could provide a focal point for the growth of a more organic system of alliance cooperation. The European Coal and Steel Community did not have a very important practical function when it was first founded in 1950, but became the seed of other European institutions. Many European supporters of the MLF see it as essentially an Atlantic not a European force, and they are alienated by such speculations as those of Mr. Walt Rostow, Director of the Policy Planning Staff, who in a speech to the Western European Union Assembly in Rome on June 24, thought aloud about the eventual withdrawal of the US veto on the control of the force, and of the MLF as a dowry to a politically united Europe. Such statements, which are probably meaningless in terms of what Congress would accept and are certainly contrary to American policy about non-proliferation of nuclear weapons, are presumably intended to provide a bait for France.

The military and economic arguments for confining the principle of multilateral forces to a seaborne fleet of 25 ships and 200 *Polaris* missiles make little more sense today than when the project was first discussed. True, the problem of mixed-manning is not a serious one; and the operational research that has been carried out on the problem of the vulnerability of the ships shows that this too is a manageable problem. The cost to the European participants (about $260 million a year if the United States pays 40 percent of the bill) is supportable, even though it necessarily involves some diversion of resources from stronger armies in Europe, an equally cherished objective of American policy, and even though the cost in terms of skilled manpower is considerably higher for the small European navies and the strategic cost of justifying Soviet missile fleets in the Western Atlantic may be higher still. But the real question is whether a force of this kind, which is marginal to American or allied strategic requirements, will in fact provide a better European association with American nuclear planning and decisions. Where does it fit into the American policy of "controlled response"? What relevance would it have to real crisis bargaining in another nuclear confrontation like Cuba, and what influence therefore would it give the European allies?

Two Other Proposals

It is because of such doubts about the military relevance of such a seaborne force that two other proposals have been considered. One, which was advocated by the retiring Secretary-General of NATO, Mr. Dirk Stikker, is for a direct European contribution to the cost, manning and control of the *Minuteman* ICBMs, a force that is a central part of the Western deterrent. There is nothing inherently stranger about an international missile crew in the middle of Wyoming or North Dakota than there is about one in the middle of the North Atlantic. But so far Stikker's idea has received little serious attention, and it might well be that Congress would find this too much to digest.

The other proposal, which was officially put forward by Britain at the end of June, is to have the MLF combine a small seaborne element with another element built around the strike aircraft and missiles in Europe.

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Drawing on her wartime experience when the RAF bombers were successfully manned by mixed crews of Australians, Canadians, Czechs, Poles and Frenchmen, Britain has proposed that part of the allied interdiction forces in Europe should be converted into a single force, jointly financed, owned and controlled.

This idea has certain clear advantages. It concerns the weapons on which the immediate security of Europe depends, and is a much more suitable focus for joint European-American finance and control than the seaborne fleet. Moreover, it does not involve creating new forces, and should therefore prove less costly in terms of money and specialized manpower. It has not, however, had a warm reception in Washington, partly because the Johnson Administration is so passionately committed to the seaborne force that it regards any alternative proposal as a diversionary tactic, partly because it has been so long delayed by inter-service arguments in London that it threatened, if it is assimilated into the existing negotiations, to throw out the time schedule which Washington has now laid down.

The British position is a difficult and unhappy one. At the Nassau meeting of December 1962 both the British and American participants got their terminology and the issues seriously confused. The British government thought it had full American backing in pursuing the multi-national solution by committing all its nuclear weapons to the planning control of NATO, and realized only late in the day that it was the multilateral solution which was going to win out.

There is growing support in London for the MLF as a political idea because it offers Britain an opportunity, which is not open in the economic field, to enter a close form of association with Germany and four or five other European countries, and thus to face post-de Gaulle France rather than post-Macmillan Britain with a choice between isolation from European support or participating in a development which she herself has not originated.

But Britain is expected to have only a 10 percent share in the seaborne force, which in the eyes of the German government entitles her to be treated only as a minor European power on questions of planning and control. This she cannot accept if she is to participate at all. Therefore, if the MLF is to become a reality Britain must fight for parity with Germany. She has to persuade her allies to extend the plan to aircraft and missiles in Europe, of which she is a major contributor. Or else Britain must buy a larger share in the seaborne force, which would mean either scrapping her own *Polaris* program or drastically increasing her defense expenditure, something which the government to be elected in October, whether Tory or Labour, would find it politically very difficult to do, especially as a great deal of money has already been committed to the *Polaris* program for several years ahead.

The situation is complicated by the fact that Labour, which is likely to form the next government, has been consistently hostile to the MLF, preferring to try to negotiate in Washington some new form of political machinery within the alliance in return for abandoning the British *Polaris* program. The fact that neither Bonn, Paris nor Washington is very likely to be interested in any such proposal will not make it any easier for Labour to switch its position if it is asked to take an irrevocable decision about the MLF within a few weeks of taking office, as would be demanded by the present American timetable.

In my view, we can only avoid a serious crisis within the alliance, and one which will have direct repercussions on East-West relations, if all concerned use their heads on three subjects in particular. The first is the question of timing. To use the German elections as a deadline is essentially phony, since the MLF is not an election issue in Germany. It is being used as an excuse by those who want to crowd on sail for fear that their project may lose momentum.

Eastern Europe's Fears

The second concerns the operational control of the force. Until the question of whether it is to be an Atlantic force or eventually a European force is settled in unequivocal language, it is impossible to tell who the true supporters of the proposal are, for if there is any serious idea that the Europeans would one day buy out the American share, then Britain, Germany and Holland lose their interest, while, if it is to remain a permanent Atlantic force, the Italians may lose theirs. To talk, as some of the American protagonists do, of leaving room for either solution, is as unrealistic as it would have been to expect the Founding Fathers to have written the principles of secession into the American Constitution. Nor do German ideas on weighted voting have any realism when it comes to such grim issues as peace and war.

Finally, there is the question of MLF's effect on the new Western relation with the Communist bloc. There is a serious danger that misunderstandings about the force, and the German role in it, may create such misgivings in Eastern Europe as to permit the Soviet Union to reestablish much tighter control over countries that are on the edge of ceasing to be satellites. There is need for a less hasty study of the problem. This might convince all concerned, British, German and Americans, that, in terms of diplomacy, of which strategy and missiles are merely servants, a considerably firmer commitment of present British and of larger American nuclear forces to the full planning control of NATO, and the evolution of better machinery for peacetime planning and crisis management for all the allies, may serve better in the future than the MLF itself.

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JULES FEIFFER

SIR, WOULD YOU DESCRIBE YOURSELF AS A TYPICAL MEMBER OF A TYPICAL COMMUNITY?
I'M A HOME OWNER, HARD WORKER, FATHER OF THREE, CLEAN LIVER AND JUST FOLKS.
SIR THE SUPREME COURT DEFINES OBSCENITY AS THAT WHICH AROUSES PRURIENT INTEREST ACCORDING TO COMMUNITY STANDARDS. HAVE YOU READ THESE BOOKS?
ALL OF THEM. NOT PRURIENT TO ME.
HAVE YOU SEEN THESE FILMS?
ALL OF THEM. NOT PRURIENT TO ME.
THEN, SIR, MAY I ASK WHAT DOES AROUSE YOUR COMMUNITY'S PRURIENT INTEREST?
VIOLENCE.
VIOLENCE, SIR?
POW!
The Hall Syndicate, Inc.
I'M NOT SURE I UNDERSTAND-
WESTERNS! BIFF! GANGSTER MOVIES! CRUNCH! BIBLICAL EPICS! WHAMMO!
BUT SURELY, SIR, YOU AND YOUR NEIGHBORS DON'T FIND SUCH VIOLENCE AROUSING?
WHY ELSE STAND AROUND IN THE STREET AND WATCH PEOPLE GET MUGGED?
THANK YOU, FATHER OF THREE, FOR YOUR COMMUNITY'S VIEWS.
DID SOMEONE SCREAM?
JULES FEIFFER 8-9

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Oysters and a Novelist's Art

by John Wain

On the Northwest coast of France, just round the corner from the English Channel, is a ragged little inlet, of a size that in North America would scarcely qualify as a lake. It is called the Gulf of Mobihan, and right at its mouth is the little town of Locmariaquer. The inhabitants of this town have a special responsibility to the world; it is their efforts which maintain the supply of *Ostrea edulis*, alias the Armoricaine, alias the Belon, alias *la plate*, the flat one.

The Oysters of Locmariaquer
by Eleanor Clark
(Pantheon; $4.95)

The Armoricaine is not reared at Locmariaquer. It is nurtured through infancy there. The people here are not concerned with the oyster but with its tiny nascent form, in English usually called the "set" or "spat." Basically, the work consists of getting the oyster larvae to attach themselves to white tiles so that they can brought in and nurtured in specially prepared pools. These tiles, millions of them, have to be towed out by fleet after fleet of small vessels, at exactly the right moment, when they will not be coated with a slimy deposit that will prevent the little oyster-specks from hanging on, and when the various predators who would soon clean the tiles of larvae, have their backs turned for one reason or another. Once collected, the infant oysters are looked after, sometimes for as much as four years, before being sent elsewhere to be fattened.

Miss Clark starts from the oysters, and returns to them from various angles. Part of what she tells us is straight zoology. I know, now, all sorts of things about bivalves that I never expected to know, a pleasant sensation. But of course, the oyster has a long and classical history. (The Romans, in particular, took it very seriously.) The creature's destiny has been bound up, almost as much as that of the horse or dog, with the human story. So people come into the picture right from the start. Eighty percent of Armoricaines come from Brittany (the old name for Brittany being *ar-mor*, "by the sea"), and therefore the people who come most centrally into this picture are Celtic, and bring with them a vast perspective of myth and legend and a stubborn grip on local customs. Already the canvas is getting crowded. But Miss Clark has planned her work on a comfortably large scale. There is room not only for all these facts but for a number of human figures in close-up.

Put baldly, the plan of the book is a disquisition on the oysters of this region, the people who cultivate them, the people who used to cultivate them, the beliefs and customs of the place, the whole suffering and joy of Locmariaquer whether above or below the surface of the tidal waters. Sown here and there, with an art that reminds us that Miss Clark served her apprenticeship to the novel, are various inset portraits of individuals. A forty-year-old virgin with a crippled hip, who suddenly gives birth to a daughter by a prosperous local *restaurateur*; a wonderful queenly Postmistress; Marie-Jeanne, who gave up school teaching at the beginning of her career because her tyrannical old mother couldn't manage the grocery shop by herself and wouldn't give it up; a man named Coste, who worked devotedly to stem the commercial slaughter of oysters under the Second Empire; a 19th-Century poet called La Villemarqué who forged, Ossian fashion, a great many "mediaeval" Breton songs and in doing so made a whole imaginative world that seems well worth visiting; assorted saints and a few sinister minions of the Evil One such as korrigans and witches.

One reads on, page after page, never quite sure what will come next. An occasional slight irritation at Miss Clark's manner of writing, which too frequently descends into the coy and the cosy, is allayed by a sense of confidence in the shape of the whole thing. (Miss Clark isn't, for my money, a reliably good writer sentence by sentence – though she often strikes out admirably evocative phrases – but chapter by chapter her gift of construction is unfailing.) And always, there at the bottom of it, is the oyster. As Miss Clark puts it,

> "You can't define it. Music or the color of the sea are easier to describe than the taste of one of these Armoricaines, which has been lifted, turned, rebedded, taught to close its mouth while traveling, culled, sorted, kept a while in a rest home or 'basin' between each change of domicile, raked, protected from its enemies and shifting sands etc. for four or five years before it gets into your mouth. It has no relation at all to the taste, if there is one, of the usual US restaurant oyster, not to mention the canned or frozen one. . . . It is briny first of all, and not in the sense of brine in a barrel, for the preservation of something; there is a shock of freshness to it. Intimations of the ages of man, some piercing intuition of the sea and all its weeds and breezes shiver you a split second from that little stimulus on the palate. You are eating the sea, that's it, only the sensation of a gulp of sea water has been wafted out of it by some sorcery, and are on the verge of remembering you don't know what, mermaids or the sudden smell of kelp on the ebb tide or a poem you read once, something connected with the flavor of life itself. . . ."

Yes, *The Oysters of Locmariaquer* is interesting and agreeable if one simply takes it on the simplest level, as a good

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read with plenty of information and some excellent anecdotes studded in at well-planned intervals. But it has an added (and, to me, more urgent) interest if we view it in the perspective of literature. Because it then shows up as one more attempt to come to a decision on the old problem of Art and Information, or the Imagination and Facts. This is, as I say, an old problem, but it has become acute only in the last couple of centuries, since the novel became a major form. Miss Clark, as a novelist, and as the wife of another novelist (Robert Penn Warren), must know all about this problem, which can be stated in simple terms by the question: when writing about people and trying to show what they're like, how much background ought to be brought in?

Put like that, it sounds childishly simple, yet many people, and I am one of them, would not hestitate to name it as the major decision that faces a writer of fiction. Take any human being – a cabinet minister, a crossing-sweeper, a burglar or a bishop – and try to explain what makes him live his life in that way and on those assumptions. Immediately you have to widen your scope and explain how he was formed by his environment, and continues to be held in a certain shape, induced to look in certain directions and think in certain patterns, by that environment. Which is itself controlled and created by – what?

This problem has called out, and is still calling out, some brilliant solutions. In fact, it has often struck me that the best way to write the history of the novel would be in terms of the various answers to this question of social and personal environment. The deft, unstrained and yet perfectly complete way in which Mark Twain sets Huck Finn in his time and place, for instance, is miraculous. We always know that we are reading about a boy, and one very strikingly characterized boy at that, and yet we are also reading about a society and a nation, and at the back of our minds we know this too. The 19th Century was very alive to the difficulty of keeping a balance, in novels, between what was observed and excogitated, and what was invented. Hence the tremendous esteem in which they held a writer like Zola, who deliberately sat down to write the personal history of two inter-related families in such a way that it should also be the complete history of an epoch. Zola is less admired now, but the immensity of this problem cannot be grasped without taking into account such a splendid, heroic determination to cover *everything*. His portrait of the coalminers in *Germinal*, for instance. "You cannot possibly understand these people," he is saying, "cannot see even the most trivial of their thoughts and actions from the inside, unless you understand the kind of work they do, which in turn dictates the economic circumstances of their lives, the kind of homes they live in, what they have to eat, and thence in turn the social, family and sexual customs they have developed." Accordingly, we are taken down the mine, in that unforgettably suffocating third chapter, and made to see that the mine itself is one of the most important characters in the story.

Zola was of course not an originator; he was well inside a tradition, and stands out only because of the mad heroism of his thoroughness. Other writers have succeeded even more brilliantly in restricted areas. Constance and Sophia Baines, in Arnold Bennett's *The Old Wives' Tale*, for instance. They are set so firmly and patiently in the place of their upbringing – St. Luke's Square, Bursley – that for the rest of their long lives they carry mid-Victorian St. Luke's Square with them, unconsciously testing every environment and every relationship by its standards. So that St. Luke's Square *is* the old wives' tale. They live within its atmosphere, and in the end they come back there to die.

Why have we wandered so far from Miss Clark? We haven't wandered. If Balzac, or Zola, or Bennett, or any other thoroughgoing realistic novelist, were to write a novel about the oyster-breeding of Locmariaquer, his first step would be to accumulate more or less the same mass of information that Miss Clark has gathered. Some of it might not get any further than his notebooks, but – for we are now considering the traditional Realist who believes in documentation – most of it would find a place in the story itself. What kind of place? The answer would depend on a series of intricate decisions. And what is so interesting about *The Oysters of Locmariaquer* is that Miss Clark, in order to write it, has also made those decisions. Starting with the subject matter of a Balzacian realistic novel, and never wholly moving out of range of the Balzacian effort – to comprehend, to control, to contain – she has made a book in which the novelist's gifts of identification has merged with the essayist's delight in selection of detail, the traveller's roots and relationships. In the end, Françoise and Yvette and the Postmistress, and Marie-Jeanne and the Abbé, and, of course Coste, and Miss Clark herself, and the Breton saints with their Welsh and Irish counterparts, and the korrigans and dwarfs, all flow together in the one unity, that ungraspable unity of life which we can't put a finger on, but which we miss immediately if it is not there, and which is the difference between art and non-art. They merge with one another, and with the landscape, and with us, the readers, and most memorably of all, with the oysters of Locmariaquer. And I have talked about this book in terms of the novel because it could not have been written by anyone who wasn't, potentially or actually, a fine novelist, with the novelist's instinct for "the flavor of life itself."

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The Battle over Brandeis

by Alexander M. Bickel

Louis D. Brandeis was not the first Jew to be offered an appointment to the Supreme Court of the United States. President Fillmore tendered such an appointment to the fabulous Judah P. Benjamin of Louisiana (later Confederate Secretary of State) in 1853. Benjamin declined, preferring to take the Senate seat to which he had just been elected. Nevertheless, Brandeis' Jewishness was not as unprecedented as all that, and it was not his Jewishness alone that made the appointment of Brandeis by President Wilson in 1916 the *cause célèbre* it was.

Justice on Trial:
The Case of Louis D. Brandeis
by A. L. Todd
(McGraw-Hill; $6.50)

And it was a *cause célèbre*. There have been other fights about Supreme Court nominations, and Presidents have had nominees rejected – Cleveland and Hoover did, to name just two. But there has never been a battle royal quite like the one over Brandeis. And the reason is that unlike the other fights, this one was not merely a partisan engagement, nor did it really turn on some limited issue having to do with the personality of the nominee. This was a fight for the soul of the institution, a deep-cutting controversy over the future role of the Supreme Court in American government, a struggle to bring to bear on the Court – or to preserve it immune from – the dominant political sentiment of the time.

For more than a decade prior to 1916, the Progressive movement – in which Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson and Robert LaFollette all marched in their ways – had been the dominant political force in the country. And the dominant intellectual force as well, heavily influencing the way men thought about economics and social questions in general, about history, philosophy and law, and being influenced by the men who thought about such things. The Progressive movement was triumphant in 1912, for although Wilson was a minority President, his vote and Theodore Roosevelt's together constituted an overwhelming majority. If ever there was (wretched word!) a mainstream of American politics and of American thought, it was then.

Against this mainstream stood one institution – the Supreme Court. Not that this was one of the Court's most reactionary periods. It wasn't. The judges knew how the wind was blowing, and they were being reasonably prudent. But nothing of the ferment, nothing of the new intellectual currents in economics, philosophy and law, nothing even of new methods of inquiry had reached them. They alone of the institutions of government were unaffected in any fundamental way. On the morrow, when the direction of the wind would change, all could not be the same again in the statute book or in administration, but for the judges, it would be. For there were no new men among the judges to work basic changes in the materials and methods of judgment, no new men whose work would affect if not govern, influence if not dominate the Court of the future. There was Holmes, but he was unique, an intellectual loner, beating a path that only he could follow. Moreover, in basic philosophic outlook, if not, happily, in his conception of the function of judicial review, Holmes was closer to his brethren on the bench than to the new men in political life; his economics and his political and social philosophy were, in a word, primitive, and in two or more words, essentially Social Darwinism. The rest of the judges were lawyers and public men of the old school, some abler than others, more or less pragmatic, doctrinaire or conservative, but all of a kind.

Brandeis was a man of an utterly different cast. His experience, his interests, his allegiances – organizational and intellectual – his methods, everything he brought to the Court was brought there for the very first time. In his hands, the law of the Constitution and the function of judicial review were to be put to new uses. For nearly 23 years – often in dissent, of course – Brandeis would work out the function of Court and Constitution in the new society created by the Progressive Era and the First World War. In his opinions would be glimpsed the second half of the Twentieth Century. As William H. Taft once grumbled when Chief Justice many years later, Brandeis would "bore from within," and highly successfully too. His appointment was the blow by which the Progressive movement toppled the last citadel of the post-Civil War Business Society. Toppled is perhaps a premature word; the citadel did stand a while longer. But when Brandeis entered, there went the Holy of Holies.

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sensed the appointment as either a triumph or a violation. To Taft, then in retirement in New Haven, it was "one of the deepest wounds I have had as an American and a lover of the Constitution. . . ." To Elihu Root it seemed "a deplorable injury to the Court, for the man is intellectually acute and morally blind. He has no moral sense." But Amos Pinchot thought the appointment "a large service to the country," and a Progressive newspaper in California put its finger on the issue by remarking that no one could "mistake the meaning of the first man of the Brandeis type coming to the Supreme Court."

The fight over confirmation lasted four months. The US Steel Corporation lobbied against confirmation. The Boston establishment, including President Lowell of Harvard and by far the greater part of the faculty of the Harvard Law School, rose up against the appointment. Six former presidents of the American Bar Association, including Taft and other notables, and the incumbent president, Elihu Root, publicly opposed confirmation. A New York lawyer was retained to present evidence against Brandeis to a Senate committee, and spent long weeks of his expensive time doing so. Brandeis' professional and personal integrity were freely assailed, and anti-Semitic agitation was strong in the background; so strong that the foreground was not entirely free of it.

This is the story – ending in a famous victory – that the scholarly journalist A. L. Todd has chosen to tell in this book. It is an arresting tale, made accessible here in full and for the first time to the general reader. Mr. Todd had not only gathered all that was previously known about the Brandeis appointment and confirmation; he has also unearthed a good deal of valuable new material. And the maze of charges and prejudices concerning Brandeis personally, through which Mr. Todd skillfully conducts the reader, never causes him to wander off from the main point of the struggle. Mr. Todd never forgets that the tale he tells is of the birth-pangs of the modern Supreme Court.

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Appreciating Pritchett

by Leon Edel

In America we have no one quite like V. S. Pritchett. He is doubtless a rare creature in England as well: there however, literary journalism is more literary than journalistic, and has more style and wit. I think Pritchett can best be compared with Edmund Wilson when he was writing for *The New Republic*. He has in common with Wilson a fine "no nonsense" approach to the given literary job: he is direct, focused, concrete and free of the egotism and narcissism which is the commonest failing of criticism on both sides of the Atlantic today. All his energy, and an unusual geniality of mind, is dedicated to seeing the given work as it is, not as it might have been; not making it square with the critic's own predilections and preconceptions. He wants simply to arrive at the work's particular inner truth.

The Living Novel and
Later Appreciations
by V. S. Pritchett
(Random House; $6.95)

The present volume contains his essays collected in *The Living Novel* of 1947, and certain more recent papers on the newer writers. He ranges from Fielding to Beckett, from George Eliot to Durrell. He takes it for granted that literature contains good and bad; that writers do not always perform at the pitch of perfection; that some writing is minor (and he knows that minor writing is not necessarily poor writing). The word "major" is not in his vocabulary. Thus he does not lose himself in the common critical game of measuring "greatness." He is concerned with the particular qualities residing in the particular book or writer. A failure is sometimes more interesting to him than a success. His dissection of John Galsworthy for instance — that novelist's rise to a kind of unearned "greatness" – is almost matter-of-fact, yet done with a kindly powerful irony. Or he discerns the mixed-up world of Ford Madox Ford, a writer who "hated conclusions." "One can see," says Pritchett, "that to a mind as given to confusion and to posture as Ford's was, technical capacity was his one reality." Or, discussing Meredith, Pritchett remarks that he was "never sufficiently unselfed to go far into the nature of others." This is Pritchett's way of criticism: the simple declarative sentence, ending in a psychological observation. He has the adjusted critical eye: it is like having perfect pitch in music.

A useful touchstone in understanding English critics, I find, is to read them on American writers. Pritchett deals with a very few in this book: Stephen Crane, Edith Wharton, Nathanael West. But he imaginatively brings Whitman together with Crane, *Specimen Days* and *The Red Badge of Courage*, a good juxtaposition. National sen-

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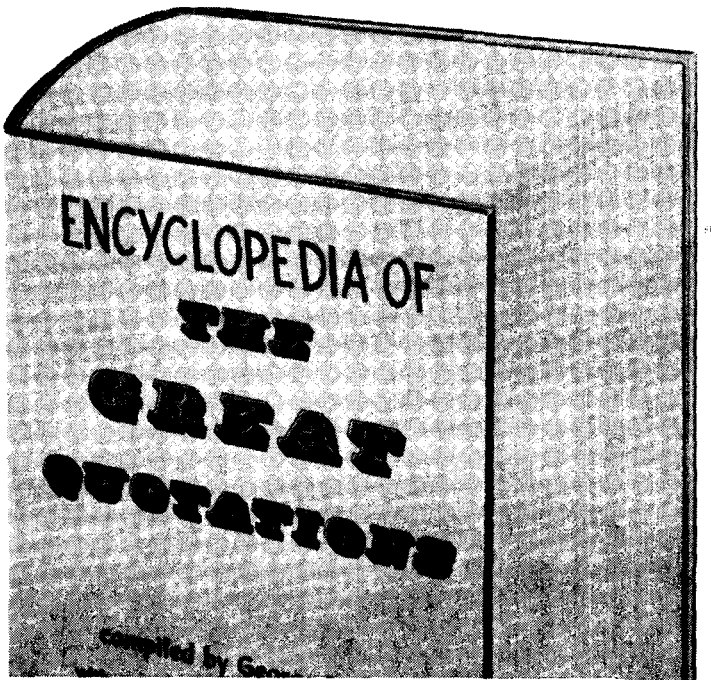

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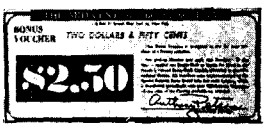

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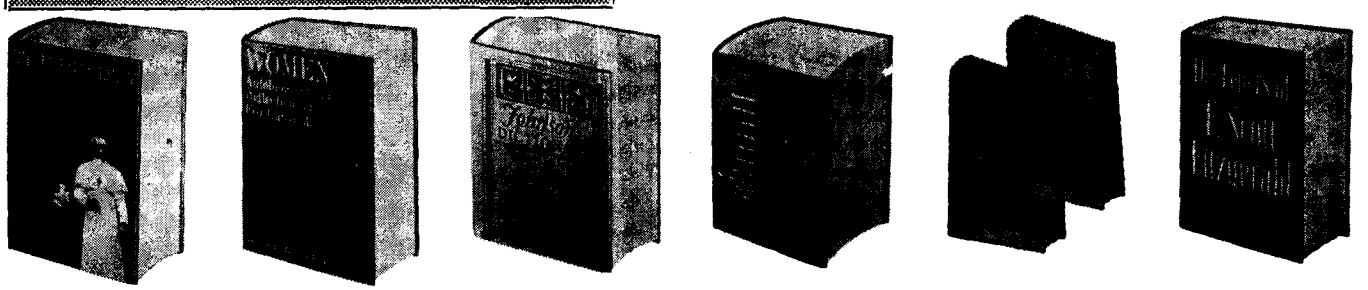

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timent militates against dispassionate criticism, and leads sometimes into patriotic fallacy; we are too saturated with "American studies." Pritchett, being uninvolved, offers us an unsentimental Whitman, "this dressed up egotist with all the air of a ham actor," who is "always half-right when he is most dubious. He is the newspaperman who reflects the ambiguous quality of public feeling. His virtue is that he begins on the pavement and that, like the streets, he has no shame and no style. Excitement and incantation take the place of it." Such appreciation does not diminish the literary figure: it offers us a fresh glimpse. It is equally rewarding to visit with the English critic the impersonal battlefield of Stephen Crane: to follow Pritchett in his exploring of the anonymous nature of war in spite of the heroics; and his dissection of the "deep fear of fear" in *The Red Badge.*

Instead of dressing down Edith Wharton or her choice of subject (old New York and its leisured class), or calling her a snob, as the neo-Parringtonians have done, he recognizes her sense of tragedy "linked to a terrifying sense of propriety," which has "the hard efficiency of the property market into which she was born." And in his discussion of Nathanael West's novels he discerns the revelation in them of "the breakdown of the American dream" in the 1930's, the hysteria engendered by the acceptance of the dream's sentimentalities.

This faculty for concerning himself with essence animates the fifty-eight papers here assembled, whether Pritchett is characterizing Durrell's handling of sex or deploring D. H. Lawrence's "phallic cult." These are critical vignettes by a master of brevity. His essays most often run to 2,500 words; they seldom exceed 3,000. Where there is clarity of thought, prolixity is not required. And then Pritchett seeks neither to sit in judgment – nor to exalt himself at the expense of a given work. This makes him perhaps the most "disinterested" critic and reviewer writing today. He is useful not only to the common reader, but to other critics. He offers them the example of high professionalism, a way of sticking to the subject, a genius for summary.

Thumbscrew Diplomacy

by Charles Burton Marshall

According to a recent news item, the dollar value of the fortune amassed in office by Thailand's late Premier Marshall Sarit ran into nine digits. Reading it reminded me of a conversation of a few years back with friends in another Asian land. Discussing politics among themselves in native idiom, they repeatedly invoked the English term *corruption.* I asked why. Their culture, they explained, had no ethic against abuse of public trust for private gain. Accordingly, their language lacked a fitting word. They had to borrow one. The whole idea of a standard against corruption was an exotic and esoteric one, understood by a westernized few but not by the majority of people at large.

Winning Without War
by Amitai Etzioni
(Doubleday; $4.95)

The interchange is brought to mind again by a reading of Amitai Etzioni's *Winning Without War.* Professor Etzioni discerns, in consequence of a nuclear stalemate, an abatement of the Cold War. That prospect gives rise to many corollaries, variant in plausibility but all interesting. These are postulated and analyzed with manifest good intention.

In some details his account of contemporary affairs is puzzling: Pakistan's political vicissitudes are described with scant heed to real central factors, South Vietnam's late Ngo Dinh Diem is cryptically referred to as a playboy, Indonesia's policy is alleged to have moved significantly closer to the West in 1963, the name of Nicaragua's dominant family is repeatedly given as

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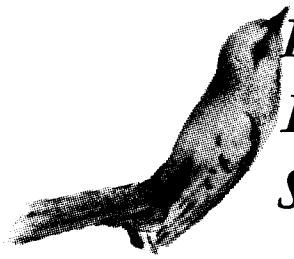

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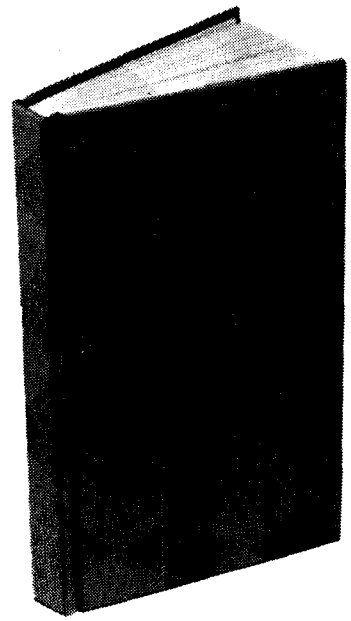

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Partial Contents

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The Creed of Science
Love
The Laugh of a Child
The Time To Be Happy
Hands That Help
At the Tomb of Napoleon

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"Samoa," and so on – marks of attempting too much too hurriedly.

Beyond such details, I find some points of substance puzzling. "Giving the United Nations sovereignty over all waters that are now international, beginning with the high seas, should be relatively easy," he says. Easy? I can hardly imagine the adjective in that context, but there it is. I am even more baffled by the meaning of sovereignty in that connection, whether as an expression of authority over the high seas or as an attribute of the United Nations. At another point he supplements a statement about the UN with the words ". . . this is not to imply that one day the world economy will not be programmed from one global center." The double negative obscures the sentence, but one is left in awe at the implications. One must be highly selective in discussing so multifarious a book. What most interests me is his theme regarding how to play policy with regard to the emerging and underdeveloped nations.

Tom Paine's *Common Sense* set a fashion in envisioning America as the world's preceptor and exemplar. Woodrow Wilson followed in a long tradition. Democratic motifs and processes were to be universalized, in his view. "We shall teach them to elect good men," Woodrow Wilson said in discussing how to bring Latin American nations up to the mark.

The current style in touchstones is economic development. Etzioni champions it. The rate of acceleration of development, by his line of argument, should become a basis on which to turn thumbs up or down on regimes in distant lands. "Intervention for progress" is his term for a candidly interventionist method. If a regime is not up to the mark in economic performance, bowl it over. If the successor is no better, or at best not good enough, pull out the rug. "Continued opposition will have to be encouraged until a leader more responsible to the people is found," Etzioni declares.

Progress for an exotic land is assumed to be determined by the degree of outside pressure to liberalize. Chaos, moreover, is assumed as a condition of creativity – not the condition which creativity must overcome at the outset. Moreover, his approach presupposes an answer to a highly elusive aspect of foreign aid – the formulation of a standard for measuring performance in saving, applicable to an economy operating at a deficit in the international account. The approach – implicitly a sort of papalism applied as a universal – assumes for each country indigenous precepts for adequate performance in the public realm. Thereby, it seems to me, it obscures the heart of the problem with respect to traditional societies. Achieving a good polity, in this version, becomes a matter of trying on regimes one after another – much like shopping for a suit at a clothing store, with the US in the role of the shopper's discriminating and imperious wife.

Thus I am brought back to a point suggested at the beginning of this review. Deficiencies that are found in the ascendant group within one of the emerging nations are likely to reflect lacks in the society at large. The point may be true with respect to so basic a matter as responsibility and trust or any one of a dozen other attributes of a good polity. The "multiple-toppling" approach of Professor Etzioni is far too simple in assuming that virtue and efficiency will be found by popular accountability manipulated from the outside. He enormously overestimates the leverage available to the United States.

The first step toward wisdom in foreign affairs is to recognize our limitations for ordaining matters beyond the span of our jurisdiction – a lesson for good-hearted liberalism as well as for wild-eyed reaction. The problem posed for US policy by the emerging countries is enormously difficult. It is unpalatable to find ourselves allied with reactionary and obscurantist regimes. It would be folly to withdraw into indifference. I cannot claim to have an answer. I am certain, however, that it does not lie in switching regimes up and down like boxers in a puppet show.

Coming

Dreiser and the Tragedy

by Irving Howe

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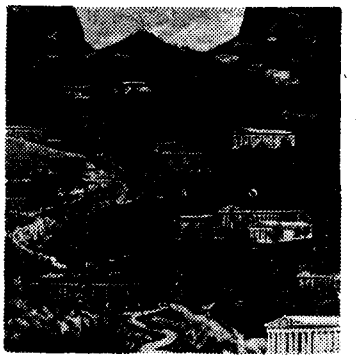
It's the accident of what men possessing what talents arrive on earth, in what quantities and at what times, that usually decides which art works are considered "great," and not the qualities in the art works themselves. A sudden surge of "Type A" men, all possessing a special skill in creating (or in understanding) Type A art, will soon reduce that type of art to mediocrity no matter how superior it had previously been considered.

Where else, for example, would you find a candid (and obviously true) statement such as that expressed in the famous Stork Cartoon? Where else would you find it even hinted that if the Parthenon were scattered broadside over the landscape it might no longer be hailed as an "immortal masterpiece" and actually become a bore? Practical considerations such as these are rigorously ignored by the orthodox art critic because, once they are taken into account, his authority to deliver positive and eternal verdicts is completely destroyed. They become ridiculous.

Conjecturism

is the modern approach to art



Conjecturism avoids this mistake simply by refusing to be positive. It accepts (rather than conceals) what are indubitable facts and then makes the best conjectures it can *under the circumstances*. It's the tough-minded, rational method rather than the flashy, "mystic" method. It brings art up-to-date much as evolution brought Biology up-to-date—namely by abandoning the rigid certitude and turning toward the experienced but temporary Conjecture. In the moment that man attempts the eternal verdict in art, he defeats his own purpose as certainly as would the meteorologist who ventured beyond the immediate probabilities in his forecasting of the weather. It just can't be done without stepping openly into Clairvoyance and Mumbo-Jumbo.

Although the two pamphlets are valuable in themselves — although they very clearly demonstrate how and why Conjecturism is superseding Positivism (or Wise-Guyism) both here and abroad they can only serve as introductions to so far-reaching a subject. For further reading we suggest (on the same free trial terms) the two conjecturist books mentioned below.

• Read What the Authorities Say •

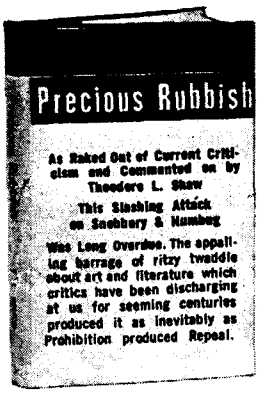
Within five minutes after receiving PRECIOUS RUBBISH I had decided it was just the thing for my aesthetics course.—Scott E. Crom, Asst. Prof. of Philosophy, Beloit College.

PRECIOUS RUBBISH, which I promptly read, seems worth passing around. Please send me 30 copies.—John Wilcox, Prof. and Grad. Adviser, Wayne Univ.

What wonderful fun. I've been carrying it around with me everywhere, and making people read its wonderful cento of quotes. It's a lulu.—Conrad Aiken.

Expresses to a "T" my every thought. I think it's great. Nicola Ziroli, Artist in Res., Univ. of Ill.

I loved it—gave three critics one copy each—they loved it. "Lost is he who hath no humor."—Dr. Wm. K. Keller, Prof. of Psychiatry, Univ. of Louisville.


Precious Rubbish
As Raked Out of Current Criticism and Commented on by Theodore L. Shaw
This Slashing Attack on Snobbery & Humbug
Was Long Overdue. The appalling barrage of ritzy twaddle about art and literature which critics have been discharging at us for seeming centuries produced it as inevitably as Prohibition produced Repeal.

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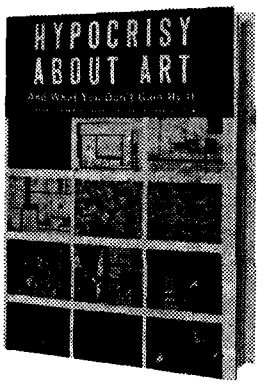
Shaw, in HYPOCRISY ABOUT ART, has taken off the lid and exposed the aesthetic and critical overalls in the stew of beauty. Painter, art gallery director, and aesthetician for many years, Shaw has shown many opinions and their underlying presuppositions to lie in a Limpopo greasiness.

At the heart of Shaw's theory of aesthetic judgment is his Theory of Boredom. Here he gives us a positive boost in "Estimating Speeds of Tiring." To the literary gems he analyzes in Yojimbo fashion, he adds his own alternatives to such "immortal" paintings as the Lascaux Cave Paintings, Vermeer's "Artist in His Studio," and Seurat's "La Grande Jatte." His chapter entitled "The Metropolitan Museum Lays an Egg" is far too delicious to miss.

A warning to aestheticians is that they may not like everything they read in Shaw, but certainly there is much to appeal to any catholic taste. After the initial shock and its ensuing brief hysteria, further perusal and thought will lead the reader rudely on to an awakening not unlike the experience of *satori*. This was a long overdue cleaning of the fat, self-congratulatory, aesthetic stables.

Prof. Dale Riepe, C. W. Post College.



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ART

A New Wing for the Modern

It's a great period for new museums. They keep sprouting up all over the country and lately they've begun invading New York. The new Gallery of Modern Art on Columbus Circle has established an institution for the currently unfashionable. Presently the Whitney, having moved from the Village to 54th Street some years ago, will move still further uptown on Madison Ave., for whatever symbolic and practical values may be so obtained, including a striking building designed by Marcel Breuer and looking, in sketches, like a Romanesque fortress, alert for defense in a hostile land. This, however, is the summer of the Museum of Modern Art, which is celebrating a major expansion and reopening.

The new wing by Philip Johnson is to the east of the Stone-Goodwin building and will soon be complemented by a similar one to the west of the original structure, after which, presumably, the shell vacated by the Whitney will be added to the increasingly complex complex.

Actually, though, complexity has been reduced by the addition. In the old days, one approached the permanent collection by indirection, coming at it sideways and dodging around temporary walls to break through to the garden. Now the entrance leads straight-bang from 53rd Street to garden, with attractive side-paths beckoning but not confusing you. The same making of the bent way straight has been accomplished with the collection itself, when you finally get to it, on the third and second floors. Things are a lot less crowded than formerly and you move with more ease along the seemingly inevitable path from Rousseau and Cézanne to, at the very end, a Segal plastered bus-driver and the shimmering wire moon by Lippold.

The permanent collection underlines a basic lesson of the new life at the Modern, namely what a thoroughly conservative institution it is. The reason is probably that the Modern has been an aggressively educational art institution. Opening in the 1930's, it did indeed dally with Dali, the last cry of that decade, but more importantly it was creating its touchstone collection of modern art centered on movements of the late 19th and very early 20th Centuries. Within this traditionalist background, the sudden appearance of the Segal plasterwork does not at all suggest violent departure from the past but precisely the continuation of the urban primitive dream begun with Rousseau.

It is only when the Museum departed from its tradition-conserving major occupation into the chi-chi world of fashion in art that it has made itself look like a giddy bunch of interior decorators. These occasions have been much less frequent than is imagined and have centered mostly on a series of exhibitions of work by unknown American painters under 19, or some comparable definition, and have usually demonstrated that the painters really ought to be even more unknown than they were.

That strain, it is sad to report, is represented in the new Modern by a large print exhibition of lithographs by action painters and Poppers produced mostly by the Universal Limited Art Editions press directed by Tatyana Grosman and dedicated to bringing avant-gardismo into lithography. The work is actually rather tame compared to the genuine experiments in printmaking run off by honest-to-God printmakers like Michael Ponce de Leon and for that matter Josef Albers. I like Albers prints and don't particularly like those of Ponce de Leon, but liking aside, one can recognize them as authentic and interesting ventures into new ways of printmaking. The Grosman prints are simply the reproduction in lithography of the fashionable look of the paintings or other manifestations of what must by now be the tenth generation of abstract expressionism and the first of the Poppers. There has always been a place for chic at the Museum and very likely there ought to be, but it is too bad to see it allowed to get out of painting and into prints, which, until now, have been generally free of chi-chi.

Elsewhere the Museum pursues its conservative course, nowhere more evidently than in the industrial design show and the photography show. The former compares and contrasts two late-Bauhaus firms, the German-American Chemex and the German-German Braun. Both present household items in a uniform style, Chemex tending always toward the cone of its famous coffee-pot, Braun toward a rounded square.

The garden itself, fitted with pools, fountains, trees, marble paving, and the major part of the sculpture on view, is the new and exhilarating center of the Museum. From its vantage we perceive that Philip Johnson's contribution is perhaps the most self-effacing kind of museum architecture our museum-building age has yet discovered. The great tinted windows, shaped like giant television screens, are late developments of Louis Sullivan's Chicago style and like the façade of Carson, Pirie, Scott, could go on forever; the significance is inside, where it belongs. But the outside gives us extended space, broken by bridged water and rising to a second and even a third level, all within the enclosing cityscape of midtown – a human space in the midst of the carbon fumes and speculative realty aggrandizement.

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FILMS

The News from Karlovy Vary

In Karlovy Vary, the Czechoslovakian spa (formerly Carlsbad) which in July held its 14th international film festival, contradictions thrive. A hotel with a plaque noting that Marx once stayed there has, high on its façade, a small copy of the Statue of Liberty. Nuns with wide coifs sweep past the *Musée de Charles Marx*. (Its name is given in four languages.) A few blocks from Lenin Place is Rooseveltova.

The contradictions extended to the two-week festival, of which I attended the last three days. The most-discussed film, which I missed, was a Czech "Western" called *Lemonade Joe* – to be seen in the US. Another Czech film, *The Accused*, which won the Grand Prize, is said to be highly critical of the regime. (At a belated screening – without a translator – what I saw made me eager for a subtitled version.) Another Czech entry, *The Hop Pickers*, despite its title out of Robert Benchley, was a pleasant wide-screen color musical, dealing with one of the brigades of boy-and-girl students who pick hops for two weeks during the season and live in segregated dormitories. Ladislav Rychman, the director whose third film and first musical this is and who told me that he is "now ready for a nervous hospital," has obviously been a diligent student of Minelli, Donen, and Robbins; but it is meant as a compliment to say that the result looks as if it had been made by all three on a budget reduced by five-sixths.

The contradictions, however, did not extend far enough. Some films contained no surprises. *Lost Women*, the Argentine entry, was like a 1933 Kay Francis-Warren William confessional of vice in the big city. *Proud*, by the young Hungarian Istvan Gaal, which won the "first film" prize, was an ambitious, intelligent, but desperately imitative work – more an account of Gaal's experience up to now of filmgoing than of life. A Bulgarian film called *The Chain* dealt with a doomed political prisoner under the fascists and how his unsuccessful escape attempt confirms his sense of brotherhood. Bulgaria perhaps does not know a long line of similar works from Galsworthy's *Escape to The Defiant Ones*. Among the French entries was a natural-history color film dealing (ah, those French) with the sex life of cells, insects, fish, mammals – excellently photographed but, like many such works, a 90-minute feature with the makings of a 20-minute short. *The Best Man*, one of the two American entries (with *America America*), was warmly received, partly because of the attractive presence in Karlovy Vary of Henry Fonda. (The appeal of American subjects and objects is clearly strong. A constant crowd clustered around the large Chrysler in the courtyard of the main hotel.) But, additionally, the breeziness and dispatch of *The Best Man*, which won a special prize, were refreshing compared with some of the pictures from eastern countries.

This is not to say that any of those films were technically poor. All of them that I saw, in and out of competition, had high technical standards and competent acting. But one sometimes had the feeling that they were lengthy expositions of doggedly worthy sentiments or aesthetic propositions set forth for critical discussion.

Such discussion was indeed a principal feature of the festival. Every morning an international symposium was held. I, happily, attended only the last. Like so many experiences in life, it only confirmed preconceptions. First, the critics from the Soviet bloc are not one polysyllable behind the West in their ability to spout terms whose thickness does not enrich their meaning. Second, almost all participants labored away at debate to reach the elemental. (The result of one lengthy exchange was the conclusion that the artist must be true to himself.) Third,

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film, of all art forms, seems to have a belief in collateral or peripheral discussion – not primarily as criticism but as proof of vitality, indeed almost as the purpose of the art. It is the youngest of the art forms and perhaps it hopes to hasten maturity through colloquy. The French director Edouardo Molinaro, after hearing much talk of "problems" (a favorite term), suggested reticently that a director's chief problem is survival: how to live and get a chance to make films.

In this hothouse atmosphere, judgmental language inevitably tends to overgrow. A certain Bunuel picture "is, of course, not one of his very greatest films." A Soviet critic, discussing *America America*, conceded that it was made by a very great master before he went on to fault it. Even in the least useful literary discussions, laurels are more carefully doled. But one aspect of this film symposium applies equally to many other critics: the attitude towards creators. The general tone was that of the child psychologist towards children. "The sweet dear has made this fascinating thing but of course he doesn't really understand it. He must now just let loose of it and hand it up to intellectual me, who will clarify it for him." Of course the critic knows that he has no job without the creator, but then the child psychologist knows the same about the child.

Each guest was provided with a transistor radio, equipped with stethoscope earpieces, so that he could tune in on German, French, Russian, or English translations of talk or of film dialogue. (An Indian delegate thoughtfully reminded us that this was like the UN and that indeed this congress was like a little UN. But, he added with wit appropriate to him, perhaps this UN would prove more effective.) At the end of the festival I felt a kinship with the Czech lady who had been speaking in my ear for three days, commenting by inflection and sometimes directly. ("I am trying to make sense of these remarks, but it is difficult.") Her slightly jaded voice, charming accent, and general quickness of mind made her a close if invisible friend.

This was my first film festival abroad, and if it lacked the bikinis of Cannes, it could not help but be interesting, particularly in this lovely Franz Josef town. But it confirmed that the prime purpose of a festival is as a trade fair (many deals are made for rights in other countries) or as an oblique patriotic occasion, with an icing of artistic purpose. Some of the guests I met move from one festival to another; there are more than forty, including those for documentaries, shorts, and experimental films. The festival buff develops skills: first, at getting himself invited boardfree, then at developing a sense about which of the simultaneous screenings to attend and which of the official receptions; and whether private parties are going on. It is a knack, as well as a means of self-preservation.

For myself, apart from some of the films I saw, nothing was more rewarding than an incident at the final ball. In the crowd I looked enviously at a man with a glass of that wonderful Pilsner beer, which was not being served generally. He took my arm and led me into the huge kitchens of the Hotel Moskva where, seated around a large wooden table, were some leading figures of the Czech film industry, most of whom spoke English. My hour with them provided much insight into both Czech and other Eastern European production, as well as superb Bohemian meatballs with horseradish and mustard and stein after stein of that unbeatable beer.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

"THE BRAZILIANS *have re-introduced a classical political sanction (the Greeks called it 'ostracism') here — rather like the referee sending a player to the bench for gouging. It wouldn't get by John Stuart Mill, but it strikes us as a cheerful improvement on shooting at sunrise. Juscelino Kubitschek's complaints are unconvincing. Why didn't he complain when Goulart was engaged in driving his country to ruin?*".

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RECORDS

Composer and Conductor

There can be no question of Leonard Bernstein's impressive musical gifts. But such gifts are no guarantee of impressive quality in what they produce Stokowski is an outstanding example of this, with gifts that are even more impressive than Bernstein's, but with Stokowski to misuse them in performances which distort and misrepresent much of the music he performs. With Bernstein's gifts, similarly, we have to take Bernstein, who misuses them for the purposes of an uncontrollable, unembarrassable exhibitionist. And if anyone asks what difference the exhibitionism makes in the performances themselves, the answer is that it is one manifestation of a lack of the inner discipline which – as a controlling sense for measure and relation – must govern the shaping of a performance; and the lack of such discipline is all too evident in Bernstein's performances. In the charming Andante moderato second movement of Mahler's Second Symphony the lilting opening melody returns with a countermelody of the cellos; and I remember Bernstein lavishing all his attention and evident emotion on this cello countermelody, unconcerned over the fact that his lingering over it slowed down the lilting principal melody to the point where its lilt was destroyed. And throughout the work Bernstein exhibited a similar yielding to the effect of the moment – to one such effect after another, each carried to an extreme – which created discontinuities where a disciplined dealing with the work would have related its details in a coherent succession.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

John Wain, *the prominent British man-of-letters, has just completed a new play.* Leon Edel *received both the Pulitzer Prize and the National Book Award for the most recent volumes of his biography of Henry James.*

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I have been speaking of Bernstein the conductor; but what I have said applies to Bernstein the composer. In an intermission interview following the New York Philharmonic broadcast of his symphony, *The Age of Anxiety*, years ago, he talked about the conflict in the life of someone who was both a composer and a conductor – the composer, he said, being an introverted person with a strong inner life, whereas the conductor was always having to deal with large groups of people in a mostly external life. But I found it difficult to imagine the composer of the work I had just heard as an introverted person with a strong inner life; instead, it had given me the impression of the composer in Bernstein as being as much an extrovert as the conductor, and as having the same lack of inner discipline. That is, the poor quality of the ideas, the sprawling form, seemed a result of this lack, which left the creative process one of everything going out with nothing held back. And the years since then haven't changed this, but have only made worse what goes out instead of being held back, until today it is the words and music of his new symphony, *Kaddish*. In the words the basic Norman Corwin style of rhetoric, as developed further by Marc Blitzstein in his *Airborne* Symphony, is infused with a vulgarity of Bernstein's own which gives them an awfulness that forbids quotation; and the music is largely a suitably raucous, but hardly more bearable, ranting in the dissonant idiom of the day. For those who are interested I report that the performance conducted by Bernstein on Columbia KL-6005 and KS-6605 has excellent playing by the New York Philharmonic and singing by Abraham Kaplan's Camerata Singers and Donald Bryant's Columbus Boychoir, with Jennie Tourel contributing the occasion's sole note of distinction in her singing of a solo passage, and Felicia Montealegre speaking the words in the heavily charged style they call for.

It is clear from Bernstein's regular performing of Mahler that he is strongly drawn to the music; and in composing *Kaddish* he may well have been influenced by Mahler's Eighth Symphony, a setting for orchestra, choruses and solo singers of the hymn *Veni Creator Spiritus* and the final scene of Part II of Goethe's *Faust*. But Mahler's is a disciplined operation, and this whether he is using all his enormous forces in the proclamatory passages of the hymn, or only a small part in the quiet writing – the marvelously wrought textures that reveal Mahler's individual mind, his fine ear, his fastidious taste, in melody, harmony and orchestral color. There are several such passages in the hymn; and Part II, which goes on too long, begins with the most extraordinary writing of the work – the orchestral introduction and opening chorus. Vanguard VRS-1120/1 and VSD-71120/1 offer a performance effectively paced and shaped by Abravanel, with excellent playing by the Utah Symphony, good singing by the too youthful-sounding University of Utah Choruses and a boys' chorus, and a group of young soloists most of whom have agreeable voices which they use well, but one of whom has a tremulous soprano and another a tenor which has to strain for its upper notes.

All of Handel's *Water Music* is on Angel 36173 (mono), played beautifully by the Bath Festival Orchestra under Menuhin's direction. Deutsche Grammophon 18-799 and 138-799 offer the work with the pieces in somewhat different order, played beautifully by the Berlin Philharmonic under Kubelik's direction, but with a few eccentricities in tempo and balance which makes me prefer the Angel performance.

Mozart's lovely Quintet K.851 for clarinet and strings is played well by Alfred Boskovsky and other members of the Vienna Octet on London CM-9379 (mono), which has also the engaging Divertimento K.247, played well by the strings and horns of the group.

The Strauss songs that Lisa Della Casa sings on RCA Victor LM-2749 (mono) include several good ones – *Staendchen, Wiegenlied, Die Nacht, Zueignung, Der Stern, Ach Lieb, ich muss nun scheiden* – with others I don't care for. On the record the voice has a beauty one doesn't hear in the opera house; and she deploys it with expres-

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sive effect in well-shaped phrases.

Most of the music on Rococo 5217, *A Richard Strauss Memorial*, is poor; but the record is interesting for its singers: Emmy Destinn (the first Salome), Hermann Jadlowker, Margarete Siems (the Marschallin of the first *Rosenkavalier*, in an outstanding performance of the first-act monologue), the young Heinrich Schlusnus (accompanied at the piano by Strauss in six songs), Lotte Lehmann, Maria Jeritza and Rose Pauly (the only one electrically recorded).

Two fine works of Lassus, the Masses *In die tribulationes* and *Bell' amfitrit' altera*, are sung very beautifully by the Prague Madrigal Choir under Miroslav Venhoda's direction on Vanguard BG-651 and BGS-70651. The mono record reproduces the voices with sharper definition than the stereo. B. H. HAGGIN

Correspondence

Keeping the Poor in Their Place

Sirs:

The article by Adam Walinsky ("Keeping the Poor in Their Place," July 4) made several important points about the relationship between the middle-class and the poor. Its validity, however, was largely destroyed by Walinsky's lack of recognition of the speed at which events will move in coming years – this was made most obvious in his comment that the report of the *Ad Hoc Committee on the Triple Revolution* "is more a projection of the economy in fifty years' time than it is a blueprint for today."

Walinsky suggests that we will not be forced to separate consumption from labor until the time that "work is available to only a small fraction of the society." This is incorrect: our present socio-economic system remains valid only as it is possible for the overwhelming proportion of those seeking jobs to find them and as long as we can assume that these jobs will provide the job-holder with a reasonable income. If this condition is not met, we are no longer justified in assuming that those without jobs are lazy and worthless or in only paying them minimum incomes on a charity basis. Our present system of income distribution cannot continue if the goal of full employment ceases to be feasible: other distribution mechanisms must be found long before "work is available to only a small fraction of the society."

The necessity to maintain full employment is part of the nexus of economic and social values and institutions which came into existence when the most urgent need of America, in common with all Western countries, was defined in terms of an increase in production. At present, labor unions must still try to raise wages and therefore the purchasing power of the employed. But when costly men are competing with cheaper machines for jobs this will cause further increases in unemployment. The government must encourage investment but as the new equipment installed will usually be more cybernated than the old, this will also mean growing unemployment.

Unemployment can be expected, therefore, to increase with great rapidity in the years immediately ahead. In addition, so long as we continue to insist upon the requirement of full employment, we will remain powerless to oppose the dynamic forces of the scientific and technological revolution. Just so long as we continue to believe that the cost-efficiency ratio is the prime factor in decisions, we will continue to allow the technical requirements of cybernation to force the adjustment of human beings so they will fit the demands of the technico-economic system. This process is already too far advanced: at the present time the individual in his work role is considered to be as geographically and occupationally mobile as may be necessary to maximize production: in his role as consumer, his social status is already gauged by his willingness to expend his time and resources in a manner most favorable to absorbing the current output of the productive system.

We have been drifting into a totally new form of society. Our educational system, including the long hours spent by children in front of the television screen, can only be realistically perceived for a round of joyless pleasure accompanied by frenetic consumership and permanent debt. Such an educational system serves our present economic needs well – it is equally obvious that it will lead us to the world described, with almost uncanny prescience, by such writers as Huxley, Capek and Robert Heinlein.

It is my belief, and also the stated belief of the Ad Hoc Committee, that the provision of a constitutionally guaranteed right to an income is the only way to prevent the emergence of a technologically dehumanized consumer society. There is no space here to justify this statement: those who wish to pursue the subject further should refer to my book *Free Men and Free Markets*, where the case is set out in detail. In this connection, Walinsky's comment that the guaranteed income can be equated with a "dole" for purposes of analysis is difficult to understand. The guaranteed income provides everybody with an aboslute right to resources and thus takes the place of the personal property which Jefferson believed every man had to possess in order to be independent. Our society has changed so greatly that human dignity can no longer be based on the possession of land, but rather derives from the production of machines. Human dignity in a cybernated era can only be guaranteed through a constitutional right to a share in the production of machine systems.

It has long been obvious that a major movement to protect the dignity of the individual human being would arise within the United States if the technologically determined consumer society continued to develop by default – the only real uncertainty was whether the first political reaction would be backward- or forward-looking. The ul-

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tra-conservatives have eliminated this uncertainty by capitalizing on a widespread longing for the apparent simplicities of the past and the Republican convention has confirmed the fact that Senator Goldwater intends to stand on the most powerful backlash in the country – that against dishonesty and lying as well as against disorder and unnecessary centralization, and that he intends to insist on the basic American values of truth and freedom. The nomination of Goldwater settles the question of whether or not major change can be expected: the only remaining question is "In what direction will American society choose to move?"

Robert Theobald
New York City

Whose Baby is the NDEA?

Sirs:

In my article on Senator Humphrey (July 4), I have claimed a bit too much in attributing to him the authorship of the National Defense Education Act. Although Humphrey was energetic in pushing for the enactment of NDEA, credit for drafting and introducing the legislation belongs to Senator Hill and Representative Elliott of Alabama.

William V. Shannon
Washington, D. C.

The Republican Candidate

Sirs:

The coverage TRB and Murray Kempton are giving Goldwater in *The New Republic* is central and of very high quality. May I add a marginal comment?

The Goldwater nomination changes the general political situation. For example, it makes one sentence from the July 25 *NR* sound like a voice from a bygone world. I mean the one that, in quite another connection, reads: "We are less in danger today from anarchic individualism than from bureaucratic mindlessness."

In the new era it is individualism that is mindless. And my thoughts go back to the European crisis of 1929-1933. Because Hitler was "mindless" he was very easy to refute. That made so many people draw the conclusion that he would be equally easy to *defeat*. But there is strength in stupidity as any mule knows, and there is futility in arguing with a mule. Yet the mule metaphor is inadequate. We need to go much further and say that Hitler could afford to laugh at *refutations* of Nazism: they kept people busy while he arranged the *victory* of Nazism.

Analogies, of course, have just so much pertinence. The differences between Europe 1930 and America 1964 are great indeed. Goldwater will not have a victory, at least not this time. But it will be a mistake for the anti-Goldwater forces to take it easy. They may not be in serious danger of losing, but it happens to be very important that they not only win, but win by a landslide. We cannot afford to have Goldwater as the leader of a powerful opposition. As such he could claim the right to be consulted by the President, or, if his appearance on the scene has made bi-partisan policy a dead letter, he would continue to give the world the impression that the Americans may at some time or other have such a man for President, a factor which has all kinds of immediate repercussions, as in England right now.

Goldwater has to be given, not a glorious defeat, but an ignominious one.

As for Lyndon Johnson, it may, in a way, show the vitality of Liberalism that (for example) *The New York Review* would feature an attack on him at the moment of Goldwater's nomination. Whatever one may disapprove in Johnson's political past, as a candidate right now he is not only preferable to Goldwater, and vastly preferable at that, he providentially happens to possess certain qualities which the world needs. They are not qualities that appeal to crusaders and melodramatists, but so much the better: If one needs a religious faith, one can best find it outside politics altogether. Johnson is a negotiator, and a good one. He is not a weak man but he is a prudent one. He doesn't want to conquer the world, or have us die for him and his ideals. He does not equate moderation with half-heartedness, or a desire to be safe with cowardice and sloth.

What is a more ghastly spectacle than a politician who offers us *everything?* If Goldwater wants government to keep out of economics, we for our part would

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like governors who keep out of theology and the higher abstractions in general. In this sense, the idea of governing less is very sound, but leads to the endorsement of Johnson against Goldwater. By which I mean that government today should limit itself to such mundane matters as bread to eat (war against poverty), elbow-room for all (civil rights), and protection from the unfortunate invasions of science (arms control). Johnson will not go far enough in any of these directions, but he will not be stationary. Goldwater will not be stationary, either; he will be going the other way.

Eric Bentley
Wellfleet, Mass.

The acquisition of control of the Republican Party by the conservatives endangers the country as a whole as well as the Republican Party. In order for democracy to flourish there must be a viable meaningful alternative to the party in power. The mistakes that the ruling party inevitably make must be pointed out and reasonable alternatives presented.

Unless the liberals regain the control of the Republican Party there is a danger that the leadership of the Democratic Party will shift to the right. In order to prevent this, liberals whether Democrat or Republican must support the Rockefellers and the Scrantons. This can be done by voting for liberal Republicans who are running for office. The defeat of liberal Republicans will strengthen the control of the conservatives. A vote for a liberal Republican is a vote against white supremacists and reactionaries. *Anthony Umile*
San Francisco, Calif.

In his otherwise astute article in the July 25 issue of *The New Republic*, TRB has not so much "angered" this reader as disappointed him.

Barry Goldwater may not be a cynic; but surely his supreme arrogance in the face of western history sets a new level of pretentiousness. To suggest that Barry Goldwater may be merely a misguided but amiable and dedicated public servant is to misread the significance of entrenched incomprehension.

David H. Harris
New York, N. Y.

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